THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AT REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MISS SARAH A. DYER.

Near to the river's bank we drew,
Where the sad waves fell with a throb of pain,
And down from the depths of the ether blue,
Solemnly floated a deep refrain.
For the angel bands were welcoming home
An earth-born spirit unstained and pure,
Across the shadowy river's foam,
In the beautiful City of Rest secure.

Hand in hand we silently stood,
Till the angel of twilight, its pinions pale,
Had folded around the distant wood,
O'er the mountain's brow and the grassy vale.
Beautiful clouds of dreamy hue
Hung low a-down in the gorgeous west;
'Neath the silvery fall of the evening dew,
The earth all quietly lay at rest.

And we softly spoke of our lost one fair,
Now sorrowfully placed with the early dead,
How the ruthless weight of toil and care,
So soon had broken life's golden thread.
Would she find the rest so long denied,
In the Heavenly home beyond the waves,
Where with musical thrills the rippling tide
The sands of the shore immortal laves?

"Come back to us, darling," we tenderly prayed,
"From the land of glory return once more;
By terrible doubts and fears dismayed,
We helpless stand on the earthly shore."
Solemnly, sweetly, a low soft strain
Floated from out the silvery west;
And we knew that freed from woe and pain,
Our beautiful darling had found her rest!

Fall River, Wis.

EMBARKATION OF THE WOULD-BE EMPEROR OF MEXICO ON BOARD THE AUSTRIAN WAR-FRIGATE NOVARA AT MIRAMAR.

After all kinds of delays and impediments in the negotiations, during which the Emperor of the French and the Mexican deputation were alike in a dilemma, the Mexicans are at last provided with a ruler of the genuine "blue-blood." The last hitch was said to have been that not uncommon conjunction of occurrences which exercises so large an influence on mundane affairs—want of funds and outstanding liabilities; but these claims, whatever they were, have been settled, and Mexico will no longer be left to pine for her Emperor.

The crown was, in fact, accepted as long ago as Sunday, the 10th of April, on which day the Archduke received the deputation of notables, and solemnly declared his willingness to become the ruler of their country. On Monday, the 18th of April, he was ready to commence his journey, using so much dispatch that he arrived in Rome the same evening, where he was greeted at the railway station by an immense crowd, the French regimental bands playing as he passed through the streets. Here he stayed some time, and received the blessing of his Holiness on his intended journey. He had really embarked at Miramar, however, on board the vessel (the screw-frigate Novara) which, accompanied by the French frigate Themis, afterwards conveyed him to Gibraltar, where, as Emperor Maximilian I. of Mexico, he arrived with the Empress Charlotte on the 24th ult.; and was received with all due honors by the authorities. After passing a few hours on shore, their Majesties returned on board the Novara. Maximilian will soon begin to realize the truth of the poet's declaration:—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THRUST AND PARRY.

She stood at the open window of her favorite room, the room on the first floor, with the pretty pale blue hangings and the western aspect, which all the old servants called Miss Darcy's room. She stood a little back from the window, gazing out upon the park. The American creepers, just then so rich in their luxuriance of crimson leaf and flame-hued blossom, had been trained like net-work across the casement, and made a flowery screen before Aurelia Darcy. A beautiful young woman, there was no denying that. Every movement of her stately form was full of a natural majesty that an empress might have envied. Her features were regular, without being insipid, grand in their classic calm, and in the rich purity of the complexion. The only fault that female critics could find with Miss Darcy's looks was, that her gray eyes were cold and inexpressive, and her hair of that peculiarly colorless hue so rarely seen, but which often indicates a self-concentrated disposition. She was beautiful, however, in her own statuesque style of beauty—a young Juno, not twenty-one for some months yet to come.

The park that spreads around Beechborough—the park upon which the western windows of Mr. Darcy's house looked, and from one of which his daughter was gazing—was by no means one of the first in beauty among those ancestral demesnes so plentiful in Warwickshire. It was of large extent; prettily diversified with hill and dale, brook and lily-leaved pond, and the turf and fern were of the best. Deer dappled the slopes, rabbits tippited across the sandy banks, and the oak palings that skirted the whole pleasaunce were equal to those at Knockholt or Longleat. But there is one essential of park scenery, which cannot always be had for money, and that is timber. At Beechborough most of the trees had been ruthlessly cut down by the late proprietor, the wild young Squire, whose deeply-mortgaged estate had come to the hammer at last; and the plantations which the manufacturer who succeeded him—Mr. Darcy's gold had sprung from cotton—the plantations which the new lord of Beechborough had formed in every likely spot, had not as yet had time to grow. Thus, except a few big sycamores and other trees, whose trunks would hardly have paid for the labor of sawing them down and carting them away, and which owed their safety to their insignificance, the Park at Beechborough was scantily provided with shade and foliage.

But Aurelia Darcy was not looking at the greensward; nor at the rabbits frisking in and out of the fern; nor at the herd gathered, with tossing antlers that showed picturesquely against the sky, on the distant upland; nor at the scattered deer browsing among the sycamores and horse-chestnuts. She was watching a party of equestrians, riding, all unconscious of the scrutiny, along the public road that crossed the Park, and whose voices and laughter floated up on the soft autumn breeze, and reached her where she stood. The party was such a one as might have been seen, on that fine September day, in many and many a green lane and shady road throughout broad merry England. Three children—two boys and a girl—laughing and chattering at the top of their fresh young voices, and eager to race their shaggy ponies over every stretch of tempting turf; a lady and gentleman riding side by side, and a groom bringing up the rear. Nothing could be more commonplace. And even when they come nearer, and we perceive that the lady is young and pretty, a bright, honest-eyed English girl, with the tint of a blush-rose on her soft cheek, and that the cavalier at her bridle-rein is a handsome soldierly young man, with a sort of knightly bearing not often to be met with, there still seems no reason for the intense fixity of Aurelia Darcy's gaze as she watches them.

That they were no strangers to her, was plain enough. Idle curiosity, even in the dullest of dull scenes, does not prompt such intent keenness of observation as that which Miss Darcy devoted to every gesture, every movement of those in the Park beneath. That she did not desire to be seen by them, was also plain, for she had drawn back from the window, and had taken up her post of espial where the creeping plants were thickest, and blended most with the dark ivy beyond. But Lavater himself might in vain have striven to learn from her face what thoughts were in her heart, or whether this minute scrutiny were of friendly import to its objects. There was no flush and no frown, but there was no smile on the lips, and the eyes were as they always were—cold, inscrutable eyes, in which neither man nor woman could read emotion of any sort. But emotion of some sort Miss Darcy must have felt, as she watched the riders down the winding road; for her right hand was clenched so firmly that the nails almost buried themselves in the flesh; and those who knew Aurelia best could have told, by the very fact that her noble form was drawn up to its fullest height, as if in defiance, that she was deeply moved. "Not yet, Lucy Mainwaring, not yet! The game is not quite won yet!" The words were spoken gently, and in a low sweet voice, like the coo of a dove. One of Aurelia's greatest charms was her voice, so flexible, rich, and clear, and her singing was worthy of the lavish praises it received. But it was also one of Miss Darcy's peculiarities, that in anger or excitement she did not raise her voice to a loud, wrathful key, as other women did; on the contrary, her tones were never so soft, never so musical in their honied gentleness, as when she was roused to passion of any kind.

"He wears mourning still," she murmured, after a pause; "and yet the old lord has been dead—how long?" And she listlessly opened the hand she had clenched, as if to count the months on the white fingers. In the next moment she started, for she saw that the gentleman alluded to had taken leave of his fair companion, wheeled his horse round, and it was cantering towards the Hall, while the groom came up at a trot to ride closer to his young mistress. The cavalier took off his hat with a sort of sportive deference as he said good-bye, and the September sunlight glinted on his auburn curls, and tawny moustache, and sunburnt, manly face, as he turned laughingly away. Then he touched his strong bay horse with the spur, and cantered briskly towards the gray walls and steep red gables of the Elizabethan Hall.

"Yes, he is coming here," said Aurelia Darcy, in the same low murmuring voice—"to see *me*, or to see papa? Absurd!" And she lifted her shapely shoulders with a quick brusque movement, more expressive than words, and which told of French companionship and example early in life, when habits take root most easily. She threw a rapid involuntary glance at the glass over the chimney-piece; the result of the glance must have been satisfactory, for a faint smile brightened the calm of her fair solemn face, but it instantly vanished, as a tap at the door was followed by the respectful entry of Jennings, Miss Darcy's own maid. The own maid was the only servant who cared to intrude on Aurelia in that pretty room with the blue hangings, next door to her bedchamber, and where she wrote, and read, and sketched in solitude. It was an understood thing that Miss Darcy, in the blue morning-room, was "not at home" for all social purposes; and yet Jennings came now to bring her a card—a visitor's card—by no means highly glazed, and neither lithographed nor printed, but simply written.

"The lady is so very desirous to see you, madam," said Jennings diffidently—all the Beechborough domestics addressed Aurelia as madam, and were as timidly respectful in her presence as if she had been a middle-aged duchess, instead of a girl of twenty—"so very desirous to see you, that—that—"

Now, the truth was that Jennings had received half a sovereign along with the card, and that, being a conscientious person in her way, she was doing her best for the donor, small as the chance was that Aurelia would deviate from her habits for a stranger in a turned gown and dusty shoes, who had evidently walked up from the village; but already Aurelia had taken the card, and read the name thereon inscribed in a quaint stiff hand: "Miss Crawse." Jennings had sharp eyes, and was especially curious as to whatever concerned her mistress; but if she fancied that Miss Darcy's face grew a shade paler, at any rate the sharp ears that matched the eyes could detect no tremor in the clear voice that said, after a moment's delay: "Crawse—Crawse! to be sure! Where is the lady?' Jennings said something about the pink drawing-room. "I will come down; or, stay; beg her to be so good as to come to me here; that will be best." And Jennings withdrew, while Aurelia stood, cold and stern, waiting. The maid soon returned, ushering in a lively little personage, whose affectionate joy at the sight of Miss Darcy must have been uncontrollable, since she sprang forward with both hands extended, exclaiming: "Dear, dearest Miss Darcy, how very glad I am!" and seemed as though she would have hugged Aurelia *avec effusion*, according to the French phrase.

But Miss Crawse's enthusiasm died away, nipped in the bud by the quiet frigidity of her reception; not that Aurelia's manner was patently cold or hostile—far from it. She had advanced a step or two to meet the visitor; she had taken one at all events, of Miss Crawse's proffered hands, and she had uttered a few words of well-bred welcome, smiling graciously as she uttered them. But all this repose and self-command exercised a repellant effect upon the new-comer; and her boisterous greeting was subdued into a quieter tone by the time that Jennings had closed the door, and the two ladies were sitting opposite to one another in amicable converse. A more marked contrast than those two afforded could hardly have been found in the Christendom of that year, A. D. 1859.

Indeed, Miss Crawse was a short, square built little person, with crisp black hair, long Chinese eyes, very black and very sly, and a dusky complexion, that might have belonged to a Portuguese. She was about five years older than Aurelia, and, if there be truth in phrenology, was far beneath her in intellect; but she was shrewd, low as was the space between her strong eyebrows and the roots of the coal-black hair that peeped out from an unfashionable bonnet; and she was tenacious, if a square lower jaw means anything. Shabby she certainly was; and her dusty walking-shoes, and frayed silks, and soiled gloves, contrasted as much with Aurelia's delicate muslins, pale blue and white, as her swarthy skin and low stature did with the magnificent proportions and tint of creamy marble, with just a tinge of warmer color beneath, that confronted her. So they sat and so they smiled upon each other, as old friends should when meeting after a long separation.

"I am very glad to see you again, Miss Darcy—I suppose I must not call you Aurelia now. Have you forgotten that you used to let me call you Aurelia, in the days of auld lang syne?" said the guest.

The heiress of Beechborough Hall made no direct answer to this appeal.

"I am glad to have been at home when you were so kind as to come and see me. Have you been long in England?" was what Aurelia did say, with a pleasant inflection in her voice; and then there was a pause, for Miss Crawse, too, did not care, it seemed, to answer the query conveyed in the last part of Aurelia's speech. These two differed in all things, but in nothing more than in their way of smiling; for whereas Miss Crawse showed her strong white teeth very freely, but with something of a sneer, Aurelia's face was transformed from winter to summer; unexpected dimples that lurked near her handsome mouth, came out as if to sun themselves in the smiles that beamed upon her lips. But this warmth and glow was confined to the lower part of Aurelia's face; her gray eyes never laughed, never sparkled, when her mood was gayest; and Miss Crawse, knowing this of old, looked up at the cold eyes that gave the lie to the rest of their owner's fair features, and, bold as she was, a sort of shiver ran through her, as she tried to plumb the fathomless nature before her. But she soon rallied her courage, and rattled on:

"Dear me, dear me, how like old times, Miss Darcy, to be sitting here, we two together, as when we used to call each other by our Christian names, Lydia and Aurelia, you recollect, and tell each other all our secrets, as girls will. Heigh-ho! those were happy days; but of course I know very well that I can't expect to be your friend now, as I was then. I am two years and eight months older than when we parted in Ireland, and I know the difference between our positions much better than I did then; though, to be sure, I was but a poor hired companion, and you a rich young lady, with titled relations, and it was only your kind condescension that ever made us intimates."

"I shall be very glad to be your friend still. I have always thought kindly of you, I assure you, and shall always feel really pleased to hear that you are well and happy. Have you left Rathglas' ——" said Aurelia sweetly; but Miss Crawse, whose native spirit had been gradually recovering from the first awe which Aurelia's superior breeding had impressed on her in her own despite, answered the question without waiting for its close.

"For good? Yes, I have resigned my duties and my salary, such as they were, three months since. I was tired of Ireland, tired of Ulster, tired of Rathglas Priory, and trebly tired, excuse my rudeness, of my Lady Harriet. She's a good old woman, I know, and she's your aunt, I know, and I've a regard for her; but she wore out my patience at last with her letters, and her wearisome piquet, and those dreary sermons of her brother-in-law, Dean Ogle. You remember how she made me read them out to her, in a sing-song voice, every Sunday evening. Yes, I've come home to England, and I'm staying at my Uncle Killick's, at Patcham Cross Roads, seven miles off."

"I know Patcham Cross Roads, and I think I have seen Mr. Killick," said Aurelia calmly. "I am glad you are so near. But

I am afraid you will find Warwickshire as dull as Rathglas."

The visitor drummed on the floor with her foot, and moved uneasily in her chair, and it was evident that she had no slight trouble to restrain some rebellious words that rose to her lips, and that Aurelia's placidity chafed her. A well-bred woman, if she be not a coward, has a tremendous advantage over one who is not well bred, in anything like a conflict of wits; and such a conflict, albeit the wordy fencing was amicably conducted, was now going on in the pretty room with the blue hangings. It was Miss Crawse's turn to speak.

"Dull? It *is* a little dull," she said with a short fierce laugh; "but it's such a treat to me, you know, to be my own mistress, after four years of that genteel slavery at the Priory. Better be a housemaid, and black the grates, than a companion. But I shall not stay long enough at Patcham, perhaps, to get tired of it. Then the Wests—Mr. West is our Squire—are very good-natured to me. Mrs. West brought me over here to-day in her carriage, as she had a call to pay two miles off, and she will pick me up as she goes through the village. But never mind me. You don't ask, Miss Darcy, after old friends in Ireland."

"I had so few friends there," said Aurelia, with the same imperturbable good humor. "My aunt is well, I know, for papa had a letter from her a month ago. I did not see the letter, or I should probably have been aware that you had left Rathglas."

"Oh dear me, no!" snapped Miss Crawse, with very decided dissent in every feature of her face. "Lady Harriet Ogle was not likely to entertain her brother-in-law with any regrets for the loss of so humble an inmate of her house as Lydia Crawse. I was not thinking of your aunt, Miss Darcy; I was thinking of Nine Stone Bridge—Dr. Kelly's," she added impatiently.

"Indeed. I hope Dr. Kelly is quite well. Have you been there lately?" was the cold inquiry.

Very dry was the answer, and accompanied by an angry flash of the visitor's black eyes:

"The doctor is well enough; he drinks more whiskey than ever, and beats that poor little wife of his, I believe; but he is an able man yet, when sober. He is more than half-sick of the job that he—"

"Hush!" interrupted Aurelia Darcy, laying her finger on her lips so suddenly, and speaking in a tone of such earnestness, foreign to her habits, that Miss Crawse was startled into silence. But Aurelia resumed, in her old manner: "I would rather talk of yourself, dear Miss Crawse, of yourself, and your own wishes and prospects, and what I can do, in my little way, to assist your plans and help you. You will always find me a true friend—always. I said so before. And now I am sure you must be tired, and hot, and half-starved, after the drive and the walk. Come down, pray, and let me introduce you to papa. And you must stay to lunch. We shall have lunch directly, and the carriage can take you over to Patcham without troubling Mrs. West. Papa will be so glad to see you, and I think we shall find him in better spirits than usual. Lord Lynn is a favorite of his, and Lord Lynn is in the house, I know."

CHAPTER II.

A HARD BARGAIN.

The Squire of Beechborough, as Aurelia had expected, was in the Oak Room, an apartment that was not quite a library, but in no respect resembling a drawing-room. The drawing-rooms at the Hall were little used, save on the rare occasion of a party, and Mr. Darcy preferred to sit with his books around him and his accounts within reach. He was a large, florid, discontented man, with shining bald temples, flaxen whiskers that drooped despondently, and a mouth puckered up into the sourest of sour expressions. His spirits, as his daughter had hinted, were commonly at a very low ebb; indeed, wealth had not exactly brought happiness to George Cook Darcy, who had a right to his surname, which was his by royal letters patent.

His former name was a short one; it was Hanks. He derived it from a hard-headed parent, Luke Hanks, who had been a factory hand, and had won his spurs, Lancashire fashion, by graduating as a rich millowner. Old Hanks bustled and bargained his sturdy way up the golden ladder, and the desire of his heart was in some measure gratified. His exultation, coarse as it was, was kind and fatherly. He did not care to spend much on himself, having come to affluence late in life, and having a rooted habit of looking twice at a shilling before parting with it; but his hopes all centred in his son, his dear dead Eliza's only child, the boy for whose sake he and his pale wife had pinched and screwed in the early struggling days. Few men do more for their sons than Luke Hanks did or tried to do for his, George Cook Hanks. He made the young man a partner in the mill; he stinted him in nothing, being as liberal of cheques to George as he was stingy to himself and others. He would have been pleased to see the lad blossom into a man of fashion, with yacht and hunters and expensive habits, or else to watch him ripen into a sharp man of business or a politician. In vain; there was not the stuff of a statesman, or a money-spinner, or even a prodigal, in young George. The father sighed as he admitted that his boy had nothing of his own strength of character; that he was too cautious to ruin himself, but not energetic enough to win promotion. The ex-operative did his best to make a gentleman, after his own ideal of gentlemanhood, of his son. He married him to an earl's daughter, Lady Maud, second daughter of the Earl of Warrenton; and by his wish it was that young George assumed the name and arms of his wife's noble family. But George Darcy, *ne* Hanks, even with a titled spouse, disappointed his father sadly. He tried twice to get into Parliament, and twice made a wretched *fiasco* from sheer incapacity to canvass and manœuvre; and when he did reach St. Stephen's, it was by such outrageous bribery, that he was only for six weeks a legislator under protest.

Aurelia's father fared alike in all things. Lady Maud proved a flighty, peevish woman, weak in health, but strong in caprice. She took a hatred to the flaring, stuccoed villa, with its paddock, gardens, hothouses, and four hundred Cheshire acres of Cheshire land, with which old Mr. Hanks had gifted his son on his wedding-day. That residence was too near to the Lancashire town, with its myriad smoky chimneys, where her plebeian mate was born, and whence came all sorts of horrid relations, and notably Mr. Hanks himself, to spend Sundays at Slagford Villa. So she gave her husband no peace till he went abroad, dragged him for years from spa to spa, from winter resort to winter resort, and only consented to return to England when the father, anxious that his son should close his eyes, as he said, bought him Beechborough.—George came back to take his place among the county magnates of Warwickshire.

Again there was a slip between cup and lip. Very soon after the return of the self-expatriated ones, Lady Maud died; and a few months afterwards, the sickly boy, in whom centered the hopes of the family, Aurelia's only brother, died too, at Eton. This disappointment was a crowning vexation to the ambitious old grandfather, who had trusted to see George Warrenton Darcy realize the proud wishes that George Cook Darcy had failed to carry out. The founder of the family fortunes felt he had little to live on for, after that blow, for his son was a valetudinarian, not likely to marry again, and quite unable to win a second bride from a noble stock without his father's energetic and painstaking help. And Aurelia, who must now inherit all, was a girl, and would carry the wealth of the new house to some other race, and the Darcies of Beechborough would be extinct. The old man was the next to shut his eyes on the world in which he had striven and scraped for money, and lived to think his labors thrown away; and George Darcy was left with Aurelia for sole heiress to great wealth, and sole prop of his declining age.

Now, there are few prettier or more touching sights upon earth than the tender mutual affection, and confidence, and interchange of kind offices, between a widower and his child; and certainly Mr. Darcy was fond of Aurelia, and indulged her in everything; but he was rather ashamed of his parental affection than otherwise, regarding it as a sign of weakness. The Squire, like many weak men, was terribly afraid of appearing weak. He had an uncomfortable feeling to the effect that he was managed and guided, not only by his daughter, but by his lawyer and his steward, his head-gardener, the bailiff of his home-farm, and Snaffles, his head-groom. But he made up for his practical pliability by theoretical sternness, scouted all advice, contradicted everybody, and finished by doing as his counsellors pleased. Miss Crawse, unaware of this feature of Mr. Darcy's character, was puzzled when she heard him say, after the ceremony of introduction was over, and when lunch, which was announced almost immediately, was in progress:

"A visitor? Oh, yes, Lord Lynn came in for a moment, only for a moment, and said he hadn't time to stay to lunch. Most absurd thing to ride a dozen miles fasting, as he will have to do before he gets to Hollingsley."

"A flying visit, indeed!" said Miss Crawse, with a sidelong glance at Aurelia's face, but she could read no trace of disappointment there, though she knew well enough that her friend had fully expected to find Lord Lynn with her father.

"Did he say anything about the cub-hunting?" asked Aurelia in the most indifferent tone in the world.

The Squire looked up. "Yes, I was near forgetting all about it. The hounds are to meet to-morrow at Cold Harbor Gorse, and he hoped to see us there—so he said. I told him it was out of the question."

"I should like to go," said Aurelia, with her usual composure.

"Out of the question! not to be thought of! and so I gave Lord Lynn to understand. A dangerous country, full of pits and ugly gripe, and brooks with rotten banks that have caused more accidents than any in Warwickshire. I particularly desire, Aurelia, that you give up all idea of going out to-morrow," snapped the master of Beechborough.

Miss Crawse, who was averse to being left out of the conversation, here chimed in with some commonplace remarks upon the dangers of hunting, and its unfitness for lady equestrians. But the Squire turned on her as abruptly as if he had not been epitomising the dreadful adjuncts of a run from Cold Harbor Gorse.

"Dangerous! not at all. And I cannot agree with you, Miss Crawse, in thinking it an improper amusement for ladies. I like to see the hounds throw off, at any rate, and perhaps following a short distance, or cutting across from point to point under the guidance of some one who knows the country. That is what Aurelia does, and what any girl who rides tolerably, and has a steady horse, can safely do. Danger indeed!"

And so delighted did Mr. Darcy seem at having differed radically in opinion with a new acquaintance, that when Aurelia imperturbably observed that she should like to be present at the first cub-hunt; that, if her father could not accompany her, no doubt Mrs. Flathers and the Croft girls would go with her; that Robert, the pad-groom, knew the country well; and finally, that she, Aurelia, would be very careful—her father's voice was almost a good-humored one, as he curtly said, that she might "have her own way."

Miss Crawse expressing a strong desire to return to Patcham, lest her aunt and Uncle Killick, surprised at Mrs. West's coming back without her, should be anxious on her account, Aurelia suddenly mentioned the urgent necessity of her paying certain calls in that direction. She would order the carriage round at once, and drop her dear friend at Mr. Killick's door before going on to the Blythes, and the Hardings, and old Lady Edge, all of whom must have a visit. The Squire grumbled dissent, of course; but Aurelia had her way about the calls as well as on the subject of the hunt; and, much to the discomposure of coachman and helper, the carriage had to be brought round nearly an hour before its usual time. Very soon Aurelia and Miss Crawse were bowling along towards Patcham, at such moderate speed as suited the sulky coachman and the high-stepping grays. The first mile or two was spent in dead silence. Aurelia was the first to speak.

"Lydia," she began, recurring to the use of Miss Crawse's Christian name as naturally and simply as if there had been no estrangement or lapse of friendship between her companion and herself—"Lydia, suppose we understand each other at once. It may be so much pleasanter in the end, you know."

"Nothing I should like better," rejoined the black-eyed damsel, turning her head to get a fuller view of Aurelia's face.

"What do you want me to do for you?" said Aurelia, not flinching in the least from the scrutiny, and fixing her own inscrutable eyes on the flashing ones of Miss Crawse. "You want something, of course, and very naturally. You know you have a claim on me, and I acknowledge the claim, and am willing and happy to meet your wishes, if you will tell me what I can do."

She spoke these words slowly and graciously, but very gravely and with perfect composure. She said them without a smile. The dimples about the handsome mouth had all retired to their lurking-places, and Aurelia's lips were as firm as if they were carved out of marble. Somehow this steady serenity seemed to cause bold, brusque Miss Crawse no trifling discomposure. She reddened, and her eyes blinked before those other eyes, so gray and cold. The thoughts in dark Lydia's mind at that moment may have run somewhat thus: "How she does carry it off. She holds her head as high, and speaks as quietly and proudly as if it were all a dream—all a dream, that which we two know of so well. And yet—one word from me, and the whole thing is at an end, and how would she look then!"

If Miss Crawse could not read Aurelia, it is probable that Aurelia could read Miss Crawse. Yet she did not immediately speak, waiting till her former friend had recovered her composure. Miss Crawse broke the silence, but awkwardly.

"You know, Aurelia, dear, I always liked you, and I'm sure I helped you at the first for your own sake, and at the risk of losing my own livelihood and Lady Harriet's good word to other employers. If I want something now, as you say, it's no great harm after all. What would make us happy is but a trifle to you—no, not money!" and she flushed a deeper red, but tossed her head angrily at the same time, as she rightly interpreted a very slight curl of Aurelia's lip—"Not money. I merely want one good turn for another."

"Then if you would only tell me what I can do," said Aurelia, glancing at a milestone.

The coachman was recovering his good humor, and the horses had warmed to their work, and already nearly half the distance to Patcham was achieved. Miss Crawse's momentary anger cooled down. After all, she secretly admired Aurelia's behavior under the circumstances—which she knew so well. Another woman, she thought, in Miss Darcy's case, would have laid siege to her sympathies with tears, and flattery, and sentimental speeches; would have fawned, and cringed, and grovelled in the self-abasement of lying protences of affection and good-will. Not so Aurelia Darcy. She neither stooped nor affected an attitude of defiance, but said, in lady-like language:

"Name your price; I will pay it." For so Miss Crawse understood her.

"Look here, Miss Darcy," said that determined young person, in a dogged voice, but gazing at the hedges, at the coppiced banks, at anything but that calm pale face. "I say Miss Darcy because I can't make up my mouth, as the Irish say, to call you Aurelia now; but you may call me Lydia, and welcome. Look here. We can't beat about the bush for ever. I wouldn't ask you for anything for myself, but others are dependent on me, and it would be a burning shame if I didn't help them. I've an old mother and a deformed sister in Liverpool, as I think you may have heard me say. They are poor, and what I could spare out of my salary was a comfort to them; but I've no salary now. Can you get me a situation—not as a companion, thank you, any more, but as lady-housekeeper?"

"I think so. I will try. I have very little doubt of success," said Aurelia with a little sigh, as if of relief.

But Miss Crawse had other requirements. She went on:

"I have two brothers. One of them, a fine lad, is in the navy, in the paymaster's department, as a mere clerk on board ship. The other is being crammed for the civil service examinations. He's a good boy, but not very clever, and a desk in a public office is good enough for him. I want Tom made assistant-paymaster, and on full pay. I want a nomination for Willie as soon as he passes. Will you get me these from your grand friends?"

Aurelia shook her head gently.

"You overrate my influence," said she.

Miss Crawse frowned. Aurelia resumed as quietly as before:

"A girl can do so little," said she. "If I were married, and well married, I think I could manage what you wish. And I don't ask much delay—only a little grace at your hands. I have every reason to believe that Lord Lynn—this is a secret, if you please—that Lord Lynn will propose himself as a suitor before many weeks go by."

Miss Crawse nodded.

"A little bird told me as much," she said; "but I heard much the same about his cousin, Miss Mainwaring. However, I'll wait a reasonable time. I mean you no injury, but I must and will have my brothers pushed on in life."

Not a word more was said till they reached Patcham Cross Roads, and the carriage drew up before the twelve-roomed red brick house, on whose door was the brass plate of Mr. Killick, Surgeon and Apothecary. Aurelia took a kind leave of her friend, and bade the coachman drive to Blythe Park. But when the carriage had gone about a mile, she pulled the check-string sharply, and said, in a more abrupt tone than usual:

"Home, and drive fast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

We do not belong to that class of journalists who are so unwise as to boast while a movement is in progress, as if it were already triumphantly accomplished; and we never hear such boastings without regret. But truth is truth, and facts are facts, and we do not think that the view taken by the editors of the Richmond papers, of Grant's campaign up to his crossing of the Pamunkey, is one at all consistent with the facts of the case.

With every successive forward and flanking movement of Grant's, they have cried out, "Grant is getting just where Lee wants him;" and, upon Grant's arrival near Mechanicsville, have said, "he could have got there by way of the York river in less time and without opposition."

But supposing that Grant and Lee had gravitated continually towards Washington, instead of towards Richmond, would not the rebel editors have been still better satisfied? Certainly we of the North should have felt that we had almost lost the campaign.

And so as to the Peninsula route—McClellan tried it, but was not unopposed. The *Inquirer* of this city gives the dates of McClellan's movement as follows:

When McClellan's army was embarked for the Peninsula, General Hamilton's Division went on board the transports at Alexandria on the 17th day of March, 1862, and the transfer of the whole army was not complete until about the 3d of April, and in a day or two after that it was in front of the enemy at Yorktown. There it was halted until the 4th of May, by obstructions similar to those encountered by General Grant. On the 20th the advance of the army reached the Chickahominy, at Bottom's Bridge, and on the 24th our forces were in possession of Mechanicsville. This latter is the point near which Generals Grant and Meade now have their forces. In the Peninsular campaign it took sixty-nine days to make the transfer from Northern Virginia to the Chickahominy; in General Grant's it has taken but twenty-nine.

Thus it will be seen that the siege of Yorktown occupied as many days as Grant has occupied in reaching Mechanicsville. And it must be remembered that in going by the Peninsula route, Washington is necessarily left entirely uncovered for at least as much time as is occupied in getting to West Point. In all probability the moment that Grant's forces had arrrived at Fortress Monroe, Lee would have marched either towards Washington or towards Pennsylvania—and Grant probably would have been recalled for home defence. As it is, Washington and Pennsylvania have not been left in peril for a single day.

And now as to Grant's flanking movements. Grant doubtless found that to attack Lee in his intrenched positions, one after the other, even if he were invariably successful, would be to incur a needless loss of time and men. By flanking Lee continually, he has forced him either to retreat, and give up all those fortifications on which he has expended such great labor, or else fight in a tolerably fair field. To say that Grant has not shown admirable generalship in thus flanking Lee, at the same time that he has by shifting his base continually guarded his supplies, seems to us simply to utter nonsense.

Our readers will remember the old anecdote—"If you are a great general," said one famous warrior of antiquity to another, "come out of your intrenchments and fight me." "If you are a great general," replied his wise adversary, "make me come out of my intrenchments, and fight you." Lee has said, in effect, the same to Grant—and Grant has made him leave one fortified position after another, until both are now near Richmond. And whatever may be the future fortunes of the campaign, it will not alter the great fact that Grant has forced his way to the fortifications of the rebel capital, through a country wonderfully well adapted for defence, through woods and wilderness, and over high hills and rapid streams, in the face of an army nearly, if not quite, as large as his own, in the short space of twenty-nine days.

NOVELISTIC.

Picking up an English literary journal the other day, we were rather amused with the opening paragraph of its principal story, a continued one. It was as follows:—

If it were not in the nature of women to be wilful, if it were not in their nature to sacrifice every human tie to follow their heart's liege lord, if it was not in their nature to surrender themselves manacled hand and foot, wholly regardless of present and future considerations, to the man whom they truly, really, without a single reserve love, Isadore's presence in the chamber of Ormsby Carwardine might be not unjustly declared unnatural. Certainly it would be open to the charge of impropriety, and we are not prepared even to suggest that, under present circumstances, it was an act done and performed in strict accordance with the proprieties.

The caution of the novelist in forbearing "even to suggest" that Isadore's action, in the above case, was "performed in strict accordance with the proprieties," cannot be sufficiently commended. As to what he says of the "nature of women," while we may admit that it is "to be wilful," we doubt whether, save in exceptional cases, it is quite of the all-sacrificing and "manacled hand and foot" character represented.

THE NATIONAL COVENANT.

We see it stated that the Ladies' National Covenant have issued an address, embodying the following pledge:—

For three years, or during the war, we pledge ourselves to each other, and the country, to purchase no imported goods where those of American manufacture can be obtained.

We furthermore pledge ourselves to purchase no article of foreign importation contained in the following list:—

Dress goods or velvets, silks, grenadines, India crape and organdies.
India lace and broche shawls.
Furs, wrought laces and embroideries.
Jewelry, watches and precious stones.
Hair ornaments, fans, artificial flowers and feathers, carpets, furniture, silks and velvets, painted China, ormolo, bronze, marble ornaments and mirrors. Or, in other words, those comprising the Covenant are bound to the use of homespun and all articles of American manufacture.

We laughed at the pledge recently adopted in New York, but the above means something, and if the ladies generally sign it, we shall begin to think they are in earnest.

HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

We have received an early proof copy of the engraving of the Sanitary Fair building, at Logan Square, which is published for the benefit of the Central Fair, by order of the Executive Committee. It is one of the finest specimens of lithographic art we have seen. Taken from the architect's designs and adapted with skill and taste to the features of the vicinage, it presents to the eye at a glance a spirited bird's eye view of what is destined to be long remembered in Philadelphia. Large numbers of this engraving will doubtless be sold. Its price is two dollars.

THE PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

White paper, the principal raw material in manufacturing a newspaper or magazine, is now double the old price. Ink is nearly double. And labor and all other expenses have advanced considerably.—The newspapers and magazines ought to be about double the old price also; but the advance in general has been very little. The *Germantown Telegraph* sensibly says:

One thing is clear, that unless there is a reduction in the price of paper and printing materials generally, no publisher whose circulation is in any way extensive, can continue to issue his journal at present prices. At the very lowest estimate, an advance in the price of subscription ought to be fifty per cent.; and the delay in making it must sensibly cripple many establishments. When it is considered that publishers suffer more than any other class of business people, in the general advance in price of everything except newspapers, the policy of adhering to old prices is as absurd as it is suicidal.

SAD ENOUGH.

We always knew that New York city was a bad place to live in, but really we did not know it had come to such a pass that a man cannot get respectably buried there. The New York correspondent of the Evening Telegraph says:—

New York is about the last city in which a respectable man would wish to die. Even the sad rites of burial are matters of elbowing and nudging. Here they buffet—these corpses of men and women—for first chances. At Greenwood Cemetery the funeral corteges stand in long grim lines, taking turns. At the general receiving vault the mourners pause only for a moment, while here or there a coffin can be moved. There is a shuffling and terrible attrition of box upon box; a moving of dry bones out of the way for the new comer. Then away rattles the cortege in a mad race for the ferries, and another moves up and deposits its load.

After being carefully poisoned by the noxious effluvia from reeking streets and pest-puffing slaughter-houses and bone-boiling establishments, men are crowded away into their sepulchres with the least possible solemnity and decency, the smallest possible space being considered rather too much for such useless things as mortal remains.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF A NEW SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Illustrations of Universal Progress," "Education," &c. Another work by a writer whom thinking men are bound to read, if for no other reason than to keep up with their times. Herbert Spencer's ideas will soon be in everybody's mouth, and everybody will be called upon to say yea or nay to them. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

FREEDOM OF MIND IN WILLING; OR, EVERY BEING THAT WILLS A CREATIVE FIRST CAUSE. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. A rather startling title the above—but we see by a hasty glance that the author dissents entirely from the views of Jonathan Edwards, and considers that he has proved conclusively the freedom of the will. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

STUMBLING BLOCKS, by GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE MAINE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, author of "A Week in the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT. A novel by Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Lena Rivers," &c. Published by Carleton, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG, from the Earliest Period of our Colonial Existence, down to the Present Time. By FERDINAND L. SARMIENTO. Illustrated with plates. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Phila. Mr. Sarmiento is to be commended for bringing the facts relative to our flag together in this volume.

☞ QUIETING A PIG.—Charles the Fifth, while on a journey, fell in with a peasant upon the road who was carrying a pig. The noise made by the porker was very disagreeable to the emperor, who asked the peasant if he had not learned the method of making a pig be quiet. The rustic confessed that he had not, but that he should be very glad to be acquainted with it. "Take the pig by the tail," said the emperor, "and you will see that it will soon be silent." The peasant finding that the emperor was right, thanked him, and added: "You must have learned the trade much longer than I, sir, for you understand it very much better."

☞ A Cleveland copper speculator fell asleep in church, from which he was waked by the pastor's reading: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it." Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying, "I'll take five hundred shares."

☞ A distinguished actress was lately introduced to a lawyer in New Orleans, who was not at all backward in sounding his own praise. "He is a very smart man," an acquaintance remarked soon afterwards. "I know it," she replied; "he told me so himself."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.*

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} Ex-Officio.

LETTER FROM MR. BLOOR.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

But the giving of sustenance is not all the work. One man complains of his head being too low, and his overcoat has to be rolled up—or, failing that, the straw around him has to be gathered up—so as to form a pillow for him. (The pallets and bedding have given out—though the first boat loads sent off were as comfortably provided for, as if in the wards of a general hospital, and the men we are tending are lying on the decks on straw, but this they count luxury after the battle-field and ambulance.) Another wants a handkerchief, and another a pair of socks. This man's shirt is all torn and bloody, and must be replaced by another. One man complains of the intolerable heat, and some of his clothing must be removed; another is shivering with cold, and more clothing or an extra blanket must be provided for him. Here is one who feels the hand of death upon him, and the head of that one of our party who is tending him is bent down to catch from his white lips his last message to his friends. Five minutes after, the blanket drawn smoothly over the face, and the quiet of the lately restless limbs, show that the weary soldier has fought his last battle, and entered into his Rest.

Continually through the day our party has met others engaged in a like work, but all too busy and preoccupied to notice each other, unless to render some necessary act of joint assistance to a sufferer, till one is met who labored with some of the party at Gettysburg, and perhaps elsewhere. He joins us in our rounds, and when at night I ask him if he knows what has been done with the bodies of those I have seen die through the day on the boats and on the wharf, he tells me that he has helped that day to bury—and read the funeral service over—he is, or is going to be, a clergyman—the bodies of over sixty soldiers.

We have been administering to the poor fellows' needs, traversed the decks and cabins and every foot of superficies available for the outstretched or partially recumbent form of a man, of four vessels; and now for some cause there is a lull in the arrivals and the turmoil. This gives us time to look at our watches, and to our amazement, we find it is five o'clock, instead of eleven or twelve, as we fancied. Thereupon we apprehend that it is no wonder we are faint, considering we have been working so hard all day on our six o'clock breakfast of crackers and ham. A sumptuous repast of crackers—not indeed the magnificent Boston edible, but a softer and inferior sort—and coffee is forthwith disposed of, and during the repast we discover that there is a suspension of ambulances and stretchers to allow the passage of some thousands of rebel prisoners from Dixie to the land of the free in Fort Delaware or elsewhere—the freedom of such strongholds being the kind they seem most to appreciate. Pretty soon there marched along under guard, three men, dressed in rebel gray and unarmed. Except for the black feather, cavalier fashion, across the front of the hat, and for the three stars on the upturned collar of one of them, they might have been taken, so far as dress was concerned, for privates; but these insignia showed the rank of a Brigadier General in the Confederate service. This was General Stuart, a handsome fellow, some thirty-five years old, I should judge: and who endeavored to conceal his feelings beneath a jaunty and somewhat defiant manner. His older companion, wrapped up in a gray overcoat, without any insignia of rank visible, and whose grizzly hair showed through sundry rents in the most "shocking bad hat" I ever saw, is Major General Johnson; and the third prisoner is his adjutant general. Being brought to a halt they sit on some boxes, and Johnson draws from his pocket a copy of the Washington Morning Chronicle; and, picking up the war news, reads something in a low tone to Stuart, who answers by a nervous laugh. Not placing implicit confidence myself in the war news of most of our newspapers, I fancy they may have discovered some slight mistake, and therefore feel no inclination to resent their raillery; but the crowd around are not so lenient, probably thinking strongly on the subject of Belle Isle and Fort Pillow, and the murmurs increase until there is, for a minute, danger of violence being offered to the prisoners, but a few stern words from the captain of the guard and the ringing of the bayonets of the latter soon restore order, and the generals and adjutant are marched quietly off to the boat that is to convey them to Fort Delaware or wherever else. In a little while they are followed by a multitude of rebel officers—four hundred in number, it is said—of every rank from colonel to second lieutenant, but none with any marks of rank detectable except in the few cases where the coat-collar was turned up, or where one or two more dandyfied than the rest had decorated the lapels of their coats with their insignia. At first I thought they were privates; for, even apart from their dress, they presented in the mass little evidence of superiority to the rank and file of our men; but I was told that the large body of their fellow prisoners of the rank and file who followed them—they came shortly after, but I was too busy to look at them—were decidedly inferior to them in all respects. One of them, almost a boy, entered into a political argument with one of our guard, an old sergeant from New York, who stood by me, embracing the questions of slavery, the constitutional right of secession, &c.; and which, notwithstanding my suggestion that if verbal argument had proved of any avail to settle the differences between the North and South, they who were now disputing would not have been called upon to fight each other, finally grew general and warm; and was only hushed by the party being marched off to their quarters.

The arrival of the prisoners had brought a new set of claimants on the stores of the Commission—not wounded or sick, but very hungry men, who had been guarding the prisoners since the evening before, and many of whom had had nothing to eat during that time. Considering that the mission of the Commission, like that of quinine, is not only curative, but rather and mainly prophylactic, I dispensed to them of crackers according to their needs; but they made no demand of course on the delicacies.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had renewed on another boat which was preparing to leave, and was fast being filled up with fresh arrivals of wounded, their labors of the fore part of the day. It was in my programme to start for Fredericksburg the next morning; but Dr. Agnew, one of the Board of the Commission, who had been at Belle Plain since our first boat got there, thought it best that I should get back at once to Washington to show Mr. Knapp—of large experience in the relief work of the Commission during the Peninsula campaign—the abundant reasons for his immediately leaving the office for the field; and so I returned hither with a boat load of wounded, leaving Belle Plain between 10 and 11 P. M., and getting to Washington in the early morning.

When I left it was quite dark, and after helping my last case aboard—(a handsome boy who told me he would be "seventeen come next birthday"—and changing the shirt not changed for three weeks, after washing away from a wound in his side the blood that soiled the skin looking so fair and white beneath his sunburnt face and neck,) I watched for a few minutes the scene spread out before me as the vessel receded from the dock. All over the water twinkled the lights from the many vessels, some stationary, and some steering to and fro, while far up the hill sides gleamed the lights through the canvas of the tents, giving the appearance of a large city illuminated for some festival, the effect being heightened by the broad blaze and high flickering flames of innumerable camp-fires—like so many *feux de joie*. So we steamed up the quiet river, passing by-and-by the house of the great man, who so lolifully won for his national children the rich heritage some of them would now rend asunder; and the moon, struggling every now and then through the clouds which still sailed across the sky, looked on the white faces and ghastly wounds of those whom their brothers had stricken down. The night watch was but a repetition of the work of the day, and during its weary hours the same wonderful fortitude, amid their wounds and sufferings, was observable—hardly a groan or sigh to be heard, except from two or three who were delirious; and even as I sat by the driver on the ambulance which conveyed some of them from the Washington wharf to the hospital to which they were assigned, I heard only a low moan now and then, as the horses struggled through the pitfalls of the city of magnificent distances.

My next letter will be written to you, I think, from Fredericksburg, and I will finish this very hastily written one by calling your attention to the care with which I have kept my promise of not asking for "more." Nevertheless, after promising that the medico-military authorities caution us not to be too profuse at the beginning, for that the real fighting had not yet begun, I cannot do less than point my story with a moral, but what the moral is I will leave to your own application.

Very respectfully and truly yours.
(Signed) ALFRED J. BLOOR,
Assistant Secretary.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

Admissions have been fixed as follows:—

For the Inaugural Ceremonies and "Private View," on Tuesday 4 P. M., June 7th, $2. On this occasion not over 10,000 persons will be admitted.

Season tickets, not transferable, admitting on and after Wednesday, June 8th, to all parts of the Fair, excepting exhibitions for children, $5.

Single admissions, on and after June 8th, not including the departments for which special charges are made, 50 cents. Children under 13 years of age 25 cents.

To active members and aids of Committees, season tickets will be sold on the requisition of the chairmen of the several committees at $3.

JOHN WELSH,
Chairman Executive Committee.
H. HOWARD FURNESS,
Secretary.

REFUGEES.

Donations of half-worn clothing are solicited for the suffering refugees of Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Florida. All articles sent to us for them will be promptly forwarded. Their misery and utter destitution can only be realized by those who have witnessed the scenes that are daily transpiring in those states. The accounts given by such are heart-rending of families driven from their once comfortable homes, wandering hungry and shelterless from place to place.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, May 30, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Mrs. Budd, 1 pkg.; Evans & Hassall, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 1 pkg.; Miss Brinton, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Henry Stone, 1 pkg.; St. James's church, through Miss Green, 3 kegs; Mrs. Henry Biddle, 1 pkg.; Mrs. N. G. Peters, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; M. F. Lester, 1 pkg.; Miss Jungerich, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Davis, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Maderia, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Mills, 1 pkg.; N. W. Aid Society, Mrs. Birkenbine, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Hungerford & Co., Laurel st., opposite Frankford Road, 3 boxes; unknown, 1 pkg.; Miss Steward, 1 pkg.; Ladies of Hulmeville, Bucks co., through E. G. Harrison, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Moreland township, Montgomery county, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss Blakeman, Sec'y, Nos. 51, 52, 53, 54, 55; Ladies' Aid, Pittston, Mrs. Robertson, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Three Tons and Horsham, Montgomery co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Carlisle, Cumberland co., Mrs. A. B. Sharpe, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Pottstown, Montgomery co., Miss A. E. Steele, 2 boxes; Army Aid, Norristown, Mrs. C. P. Harry, Sec'y, 1 box; two ladies of Rupert, Columbia co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Doylestown, Bucks co., Mrs. Julia P. Brock, Sec'y, 1 box; Miss Mellenry, Restaurant Department of Fair, lemons; Mrs. Rain, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Bennett, near Jenkintown, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Haseltine, 1 pkg.; Mrs. George J. Gross, 1 pkg.; Mrs. David, 251 South 4th st., 1 pkg.; Mrs. Peterson, 15th and Walnut, 1 pkg.; Miss Caroline Paul, 1 pkg., Mrs. Lewis, 1229 Arch st., 1 pkg.; bandages, unknown; St. Peter's church, Miss Dunlap, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Haines, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Bellefonte, Centre co., 4 boxes, Mrs. R. A. Ward, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Miss C. C. Gries, 2 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Upper Providence and Edgemont, Del. co., Miss M. E. Bishop, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Central Aid, Chester co., Mrs. R. S. Price, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Chambersburg, Mrs. M. J. Nixon, Sec'y, 2 boxes; list, unknown; Ladies' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga co., Mrs. S. Morris, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Pottstown, Montgomery co., Miss Steele, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Contributing Aid, 1 pkg., Miss Roberts, Sec'y; Matilda Heston, 1 pkg.; First Pres. church, Mrs. Purves, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Wm. P. Hallowell, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Col. Crossman, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's (Lutheran) church, Mrs. E. W. Mayer, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland co., A. P. Taggart, Sec'y, 2 kegs, 3 boxes; Mrs. and Miss Taggart, Mrs. Priestly, 2 boxes; Loyal Women, Yoder township, Mrs. E. Wendell, 7 bbls.; Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dickson, 1 box; Odessa, 1 box; Mrs. B. McWilliams, Flemington, Clinton co., 1 box; old muslin, donor unknown; Mrs. Henry C. Till, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Fields, 1 pkg.; Mrs. P. M. Chapp, 1 pkg.; A. T. W. 1 pkg.; a lady, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's, Frankford, 1 pkg.; Ladies' aid, Condersport, Potter co., Miss Adelaide Smith, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Altoona, Blair co., Mrs. C. S. Lewis, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Jenkintown, Montgomery co., 3 bbls.; Ladies' Aid, Salem, Wayne co., 1 box; Mrs. J. C. Fisher, 2 pkg.; Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen, 1 pkg.; S. H. Martin, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Frothingham, 1 pkg.; the Misses Meyer, 1 pkg., 1 pkg.; Mrs. E. C. Davis, 24 South 8th st., 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Bethlehem, Northampton co., Mrs. Heuffel, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Byberry, Jane Hilborne, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 2 crocks; Ladies' Aid, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., Mrs. Silliman, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Picture Rocks, 1, box, 1 keg, Mrs. Sprout, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., Mrs. Barton, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Espy, Columbia co., Mrs. Edgar, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Booth, 1 pkg.; Sarah Staples, 1 pkg.

NEW JERSEY.

Ladies' Aid, Burlington, Mrs. Hyde, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Trenton, 2 boxes; Mrs. Askew, Burlington, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Riverton, Miss Seckels, 1 pkg.

DELAWARE.

Ladies' Aid, Newcastle, 1 pkg.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ladies' Aid, Cambridge, per Mrs. Robert Ralston, 1 pkg.

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

As I sit in my garret here, (in Washington,) remarks a friend of the poet, watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of the poet, J. Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the room under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating, that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for an office under the Government at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. It was a sad thing, indeed, to see the gifted poet subjected to all the humiliation of office-seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the streets, and looking into the lighted parlors as we passed, would once in a while see some family circle so happy, and forming such a beautiful group, and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," remarked he, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other large city, and heard persons singing, or playing on the piano, 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal with, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody—yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land; to be buried by strangers, and to sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day. He was looking unusually sad.

"Have you got your Consulate?" said I.

"Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis. I shall never return."

The last expression was not a political faith. Poor Payne!—his wish was realized. He died at Tunis, among strangers, far from his native land. Whether his remains have ever been brought to this country, I know not. They should be, however; and if none others will do it, let the homeless and friendless throughout the world contribute their mite for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the poet Payne. I knew him well, and will contribute my mite. Let the inscription on his monument be:—

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

A wanderer in life—whose songs were sung in every tongue,
And found an echo in every heart,

NEVER HAD A HOME.

HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

☞ "I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora pensively, as she pointed with her finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

☞ What said the stern old reformer, the good Martin Luther, to his dog? "Hans, Hans, be quiet, and in the resurrection thou shalt have a little golden tail."

☞ THE MATTAPONY.—Just below the line of Spottsylvania county the Mattapony river divides into four branches, each of which takes for its name a portion of the main stream; thus the most southern is called the *Mat*, the next the *Ta*, the third the *Po*, and the most northerly the *Ny*, and when united they constitute the Mat-ta-po-ny—pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and the *y* sounded like *i*.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A friend of mine took lodgings in Bloomsbury, where, the first evening, as she was sitting at work, she was startled by hearing heart-rending cries, mingled with sobs and groans. Now and then, she heard a few Spanish words and some French, of which the chief were "Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" and "jamais, jamais," followed by sobs speaking of utter, hopeless misery. My friend was immediately curious to find out from whom they proceeded, and hearing them continue all night, the following morning she called the woman of whom she rented the rooms, and asked her what other lodgers there were in the house, when she was told that a German lady was the only person besides herself. However, during that morning, my friend met the German lady, a fat, good-tempered, rosy-looking body, who perhaps never knew a sorrow. This, then, could not be the person who so continually uttered those piteous cries. Again, all day and all night, they continued; and again my friend questioned the landlady. This time she did indeed confess that at the top of the house were some foreigners, who, she said, owed her a fortnight's rent for the room, and whom she intended to turn out of her house to-morrow. My friend's sympathies were aroused for the sufferers. She must see them; but the landlady would not show her the room. However that afternoon she listened more closely to the sobs, and by their aid found her way to the door of the room, which was at the very top of the house, leading into a narrow dark passage. The door was partly open, and she could look in unobserved. It was a tiny garret, comfortless dirty, and unfurnished. There was no carpet to cover the broken boards, a window not a yard square, with cracked panes and no curtain, looked out upon the roofs of the opposite houses. There was a grate, but no cheering fire burned there, and one broken chair, a chest of drawers, and a bed formed the whole furniture in the room. In this bed, of which the sheet was as black as the floor, lay a woman—handsome once, undoubtedly, and noble-looking—even now she was sitting up in the bed wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly. Once or twice she started out of bed as though to see or do something, but each time returned, beginning her moanings afresh and tearing her hair in the wildest despair; by her side stood a girl only eighteen years of age, with long black hair hanging almost to her feet, and beautiful dark Spanish eyes. She was dressed in a colored petticoat and red knitted jacket, and tried, by soft persuasions in Spanish, or by repeating pieces of poetry in the same language, to calm her mother's ravings.

My friend entered the room, and began to question the inmates about their life, but she learned little save that they were Spaniards, and repeated misfortunes so weighed upon the mother's mind, that she was now sunk into such habitual bad spirits, that day or night she never ceased to mourn her fate. My friend asked them if they had money, and they told her no, but strictly avoided asking for any help, or seeming to hint at wanting it. She next asked them how they had lived, and the girl, who could speak English very well, told her that day by day she had pawned some dress or trinket till now she had nothing left but the clothes she wore (only the petticoat and jacket.) My friend then asked what they hoped for, and how they expected to live? To which the mother (she could understand English but not speak it) began her wild wailings, saying they had no hope, and mourning the loss of a house and grounds. It was soon found out that for a week they had had nothing but a crust of bread every day, and on that day not even so much. She sent them a good dinner, tried to comfort the woman, and asked no more questions on that day; but one thing she had found out, which was that these sufferers, plunged in the deepest misery and most cruel poverty, were people of good education, if not birth, for the girl could speak French, English, Italian, and Spanish fluently, but they did not volunteer any information, and for the present she asked no further questions (remember, reader, I am writing strict truth.)

The next day my friend insisted upon knowing their history, which has since been looked into, and found to be true.

Donna Carlota de Acha (the woman's name) was the daughter of a Spanish Count, but having a brother and sister older than herself, she never expected to succeed to the title, and marrying, went to America with her husband. Here he died, and she returned to Spain with her daughter, where she found that the bank in which she had placed all her money had failed, and she could not receive a penny. Her husband had left no money on his death, and she was now without any resources; besides this, her brother and sister had died, and her uncle succeeded to the title which should have been hers, but which she did not try to recover, because she had not money enough to pay the duty required for the use of the title; then she returned to England, having a house there; this she sold, and lived for some time upon the money (having sent her daughter to complete her education at a friend's in Paris,) but it could not last for ever; and by degrees she was forced to go from one lodging to a cheaper, then to take her daughter from school, till at last she again found herself without money, and wrote to Spain to her old banker for help. He consented to send her a weekly allowance upon which she could live, with her daughter, in lodgings in Leicester-square, but suddenly the allowance stopped, and she received a letter stating that the banker had gone off to Australia, and was no longer able to support them. The landlady at Leicester-square had allowed them to stay a month in her house without payment, hoping the allowance would be recommenced, but on receipt of the letter containing the bad news, she turned them out of the house, and kept two of their boxes, one containing good linen, the other silk and other dresses, till she could be paid the rent due to her.

By pawning their watches and other things, the daughter raised money enough to take the room in which my friend found them. Here the poor mother, seeing no hope, present or future, first began her wild ravings. Here, day by day, their clothes, trinkets, everything, left them—went to the pawn-shop; here the mother's hair turned in two weeks from raven black to gray; here the daughter lived day after day in one room, (for her mother could not bear her to leave her a moment, saying, if she did so—"Oh! she will never come back," and tossing restlessly about.) Here, I say, in this wretched place, that young girl lives, away from all the world, without one friend. She has received a first-rate education in Paris, plays the piano, and sings, besides speaking four languages, and having a sound general education. She wishes to teach; but who will take her from so wretched a home, a pale, ragged girl, but barely clothed; or how could she part for more than a few hours from that poor, raving mother, whose only quiet moments are when she can clasp her daughter's hand, and speak of her native land in her native tongue?

[We take the above from a late English paper, and cannot doubt that the case attracted at once the attention of the benevolent.—ED. SAT. EVE. POST.]

☞ Homicide in Siam is punishable by a regular tariff of prices. Thus, the penalty of killing a babe of from one to three months is 6 "ticul," or about $3.50; for a child of four years, about $10; for a boy of fifteen, about $15; and for a man between twenty-six and forty, nearly $30. Beyond the age of forty years the penalty decreases, so that it is no more expensive to kill an old man from eighty-six to ninety years than an infant of two months. Women can be killed for two-thirds of the rates for males. Another custom is that which enables a man to hire out his wife to his creditor as a slave, and thus cancel his debt by means of her toil.

☞ The number of physicians in the United States is 53,543. The number of lawyers is 33,163. The number of clergymen, of all classes, grades and denominations, is 37,029.

☞ Some doubt having existed as to whether there was such a thing as a climbing fish, Captain Mitchell, of the Madras Government Museum, states in the annals of Natural History, that his assistant, Mr. Moodeliar, a native, has seen the *Anabas scandens* climbing Palmyra trees growing near a tank. It climbs up sideways by means of its operculia, which move differently from those of other fish.

☞ A curious artistic production, a portrait of Garibaldi, burned on a piece of sycamore with a heated iron, is an admirable likeness, done by Mr. T. Clayton, of Manchester. The picture was publicly exhibited some time ago, when it was admired for its resemblance to an oil painting, than which, however, it is more transparent, and for the effectiveness of its light and shade.

☞ The Court Journal, by way of showing that it is not safe to publish a letter in the English newspapers, throwing dirt at even a savage who understands no English, says that Commissioner Yeh had interpreters who regularly retailed to him the parliamentary debates upon the celestial empire and the articles upon China in the London journals. It adds, that no one would have supposed that the King of Dahomey was a reader of the Times. But so it is, as M. Jules Gerard has found to his cost. That mighty hunter last year wrote to the Times descriptive of the atrocities perpetrated in the empire of Dahomey. What is more, he dated it from the capital, where he was at the time enjoying the hospitality of his majesty. The letter has come to the knowledge and the eyes of the king, and the result has been that Jules is no longer a lion with the king, who has shown him the door of his kingdom.

☞ The editor of the Baltimore American lately asked a commissary what use was to be made of some barrels of dried coffee-grounds, and received for reply that the barrels sold for $12 each, and the grounds were "rearomatized by the transforming hand of modern chemistry, and put up in pound papers, which are decorated with attractive labels and high-sounding names."

☞ To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.

LATEST NEWS.

General Grant reports to the War Department that on Friday morning at half past four o'clock an assault was made on the enemy, who was driven with his entrenchments at all points. Our troops, however, gained no decisive advantage. Over three hundred prisoners, principally of Breckinridge's forces, were captured. Our loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 3 000. On Friday evening, the enemy suddenly attacked Smith's brigade of Gibbon's division. The battle lasted with great fury for half an hour, and the attack was unwaveringly repulsed. At 6 P. M., Wilson, with his cavalry, fell upon the rear of a brigade of Heth's division, which Lee had thrown around to his left, apparently with the intention of enveloping Burnside. After a sharp but short conflict, Wilson drove them from the rifle pits in confusion. He took a few prisoners. He had previously fought with and routed Gordon's brigade of rebel cavalry.

On Saturday morning, the enemy's left wing in front of Burnside was found to have been drawn in during the night. An unofficial dispatch via Fortress Monroe says that 1,000 prisoners have arrived at the White House. A Herald correspondent with the Eighteenth Corps reports that 500 Georgia troops have come into our lines and given themselves up.

From Gen. Butler's department we have an unofficial dispatch, stating that on Wednesday evening the enemy attacked the lines of defence above Bermuda Hundred, and made a charge, evidently with the intention of capturing our Parrott guns, but were repulsed with severe loss. The fighting continued until near Thursday morning.

General Sherman's latest despatch is on Saturday morning. It is dated thirteen miles west of Marietta, and reports that his left is now well around, covering all the roads from the south to the railroad about Ackworth. His cavalry has been in Ackworth, and occupies in force all the Alatoona Pass.

We have details of General Sherman's movements to the 31st ult. Hooker's corps fought the rebel Hood near Dallas on the 25th. The enemy was driven for two miles. A concealed battery did much murder, but was taken by our troops, with a loss of 900 men. Our whole loss is now reckoned at 1,500. We gained two cannon, two miles of ground, and a better position and arrangement.

Secessionville, South Carolina, it is reported by a rebel major who came into General Butler's lines on Saturday, has been captured by our forces. Charleston is threatened, and the rebel commander is said to have telegraphed for reinforcements.

☞ Several respectable young girls have recently disappeared mysteriously from the western part of New York, and the arrest of a young woman at Utica has led to the discovery of an organized society to kidnap such and send them to New York city. A written "Constitution" of the society, which was named the "Knights of the Secret Circle," was found upon her, signed by 24 persons, and containing a list of nine young girls marked out for abduction, the latter being all of highly respectable connections.

☞ A story is in circulation that the Princess of Wales inquired of Dr. Locock whether the mental or physical condition of her son would be injuriously affected by vaccination, he being a seven months' child. As an illustration of what a seven months' child might become, Dr. Locock referred to Earl Russell, her Majesty's Chief Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose sagacious policy with respect to the Dano-German difficulty was no doubt fresh in the recollection of her Royal Highness at the time. The unfortunate mention of Earl Russell as a type of physical and intellectual vigor sent the poor Princess of Wales out of the room, like Queen Boadicea, "full of rage and full of grief."

☞ Recently a badge has been adopted for the 10th Corps, under Major Gen. Gilmore. Its design is most appropriate, being an outline representation of a square fort, with bastions. The badge is punched with a matrix from red, white, and blue flannel, the 1st division wearing the red, the 2d the white, and the 3d the blue.

☞ In the French Senate, the other day, the Marquis De Poissy asserted that the Prince of Wales was drunk, "as his custom is," when he called on Garibaldi. He also insinuated that Queen Victoria is given to drink. The President of the Senate would not allow the outrageous remarks to appear in the printed proceedings.

☞ A dispatch to a Toronto paper, dated at Clifton, Canada, May 20th, states that the wife of Mr. George Bender, one of the oldest citizens of that place, while laboring under a fit of insanity, left her home about 10 o'clock A. M., May 20th, unobserved by the family, and threw herself into the river a short distance from Table Rock, and was carried over the Falls. An attempt was made to rescue her by parties who happened to be near, but it was unsuccessful. One of the parties seized her shawl, which was left in his hands.

☞ CRACKS IN COWS' TEATS.—These are easily cured, by rubbing molasses on the teats for a few days after milking.

☞ The Spaniards have committed a big robbery in seizing from Peru the Chincha Islands, the revenue from the guano being about $18,000,000 per annum. Go on, gentlemen of Europe, for, like Satan, "your time is short."

☞ The late Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1804.

☞ NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church, the French a ball-room, the English a tavern.—*Chateaubriand.*

IN HEAVEN MY SOUL SHALL LIVE ITS MINSTREL LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHESTER MYER.

I strive in vain to wake poetic numbers
From the dear harp my hand oft swept of yore;
Its melody is dead—or deeply slumbers,
On earth its notes shall thrill me nevermore.

Yet still to me there comes the olden longing,
The yearnings for the far off dim sublime;
Still visions beautiful are round me thronging,
Luring me upward from the hills of Time.

Yet still in Dream's bright realm my spirit lingers,
Bound softly by Enchantment's mystic chains,
To list to music swept by fairy fingers,
Flooding with rapture all those bloomy plains.

But Earth has touched me with her chilling power,
She bids my spirit's lips fore'er be mute;
To me, to me has come the common dower
Of blighting care and sin's far bitterer fruit.

So I must steel me for the doom that waits me,
The e'er returning round of grief and toil!
'Tis but a little while the *Night* belates me—
Above I shall be free from every foil!

There where enshrined in forms of living beauty,
Truth all serene awakes her holy strife—
And blest immortals find their heaven-born duty,
In Heaven my soul shall live its minstrel life!

Waynesville, Ohio.

THE COAST GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"Good-evening, sir."

"Good-evening. A fine night this."

"Yes, sir,—a niceish sort of night. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Cornwall, where I had retired, a few days before the commencement of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law. I had taken rooms in a little village about half a mile from the sea; and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quietness of everything internally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a sudden wish came into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had often thought of doing this, wondering what sort of life the Coast-guardsmen had of it—those men by whom every inch of England, so they say, is walked round every night, as they pace up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-fancied scheme into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far out into the distance, and chequered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching from far away up to the base of the cliffs—the footpath of the fairies, as I had been told long ago—and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze, on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister sprites in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had on a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick formed his only apparent weapon of offence and defence. In short, it was with him that the sentences "first above written" were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men that I had so often pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

"I suppose you don't have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?"

"Why, no, sir. There's not so much doing as there used to be, once on a time, though I have seen some goings on in my time,—Mind where you are treading, sir!" he exclaimed. "The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it gave way you would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!"

"What of him?" I said. "Did any one fall over here?"

"Why, no, sir. He didn't exactly fall over, and it wasn't over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to next. My beat ends there, and, as I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won't be up for ten minutes or so; and, if you like to hear the tale, though it's not so much after all, I will tell you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for its a whisht spot, and, often as I have waited there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again."

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff, to see if there were any signs of his companion, and, not finding any, he sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:—

"It is not so many years ago, sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, like. He wasn't a bad-looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed, most people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying up at the Miner's Arms, and there soon got tales about the town, of the way in which he and two or three other wild young fellows about here, as there are everywhere, used to go on; the sitting up at nights, the drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish,) Polmarthen, the landlord, sir, never cared to say anything to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt he made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen as she was always called, was the prettiest girl for miles about, and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honor, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva—a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to young Tregarva, who was only a fisherman; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more; and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow. I was sitting in my cottage, one day, towards the evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off on my beat, when young Tregarva burst in, with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. 'What is the matter, man,' said I; 'have you seen a ghost?' but he staggered to a chair, and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?' He turned on me like a tiger. 'Leave me alone, curse you. Do you, too, mock at me?' and, with one spring, he was past me, and out at the door like a madman. I followed in haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance; and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night. When I returned to my cottage, I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up as if it had been clenched in the fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt.

"That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bed-room had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was, that her father made no search after her—for he made none. Hendon was still in the village, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. We heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gayety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself.

"And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high-tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high-water about half past eleven on the September evening, when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice down below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over, and I saw that there was a figure there, and that he was rushing about, and shouting up. I could recognize the voice of Hendon, and called out—'Hollos, there!' 'Help! help!' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me.' So it was. Sauntering along, he had, I suppose, waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done? True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me; it often comes in useful. But what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat and went for assistance, he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. 'I can go down that cliff,' said he, in the measured, dogged tone he had always used since *then*, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night that made me shudder. 'I will go. Give me that rope.' 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death!' While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand-under-hand, clutching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would have fallen, literally 'smashed' on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was only some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he lay down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, sir. 'Mr. Hendon!' he called out. 'Oh! thank God, you are come at last!' I heard Mr. Hendon answer. 'Here I am. How can I reach you?' 'I have a rope with me. If I throw it you, can you get up here?' 'Yes, yes; be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half dead with cold.' 'Just so,' was the strange answer of Tregarva. 'Quick! quick! do not trifle with me; I shall drown.' 'You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Hendon,' replied Tregarva, with a laugh. But such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh! for mercy's sake, be quick.' 'Mercy!' echoed Tregarva. 'Such as you have shown shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen?' 'I do not know; I do not, indeed. Quick! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar!' returned Ralph, heedless of his agonizing entreaties. 'I have ventured my life to come here. Did you think it was to save you? No; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight, I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. You have won her, but never shall you marry her, or meet her again in this world. Your last hour is come. I have but to throw you this rope, and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose—'Mercy! mercy!' 'Mercy!' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and as the water mounts higher and higher, think of me, whose peace of mind you have utterly wrecked, and *then* ask for mercy. Never.' Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up, with a hoarse boom, against the rocks, while above all rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming amongst the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea. Ralph was reascending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell—down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'wilful murder' was returned against Tregarva. I have little more to tell. Poor Kate lies by her mother's side in the church-yard. And now, sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time; so I will bid you good night, sir."

"Good night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser man.

☞ One of the curiosities of London, just now, is a "blue horse."

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths
In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
Those wrecks of autumn splendor,
And here the fair Arbutus flowers
Are springing, fresh and tender.

O prophet flowers, with lips of bloom,
Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me Faith and Duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
In faith and hope foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the fair flowers growing.

—*Leighton.*

BLUCHER AND HIS PIPE-BEARER

At the Battle of Waterloo.

BY DR. MICHELSEN.

Old Field-Marshal Blucher was particularly fond of three things—a glass of wine, a game at cards, and a pipe of tobacco. With the two former he was frequently obliged to dispense, but he could not and would not do without the latter, nor could he help indulging in smoking, if it were ever so little, before he undertook anything serious. A few puffs at the spur of the moment would satisfy him, but to be without them at all was a matter of impossibility. For this purpose he had appointed as his pipe-bearer one of his "boys" (as he used to call his hussars), a fellow-countryman from Rostock—Christian Hennemann—who had charge of a large box of common Dutch clay pipes, all filled with tobacco, and ready for use at a moment's notice. This box constituted the principal item of the marshal's field equipage. Hennemann was so devoted to his master and his charge, that he would have killed on the spot any one who attempted to purloin a pipe from the box, or bring the latter in danger of breaking some of the precious (to him *sacred*) contents.

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Hennemann had just handed his master a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls." With these words, Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history.

After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combating armies, and nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe!

"Donner and Blitz!" cried Blucher, "why, that is my Hennemann. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe." Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed.

Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher, "You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?"

"But your highlanders had no pipes to regale themselves with," replied the inveterate smoker.

☞ It is very vain to use strong and emphatic assertions, such as "I know," "I am positively certain." "Yes; but I happen to know all about it." It is intolerably conceited, and in most instances irritates, without exciting the slightest respect for your declaration. Always substitute "I think," "I believe," "It seems to me," "Excuse me, but I think I have heard," etc. It is not enough to limit your words in this respect, you should never exercise the voice too forcibly. One may say, "I beg your pardon, sir," with an expression equivalent to a flat and insulting contradiction. Still more vain and vulgar is the use of such expressions as "H'm!" "Pshaw!" "Much you know about it!" "Stuff!" and "Fiddlesticks!" These expressions, and others like them of a strongly dissentient nature, should never be uttered by any one under any circumstances whatever. They are all rude, as indeed every word and every emphasis which directly expresses the denial of any assertion.

WIFE-CHOOSING.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

The carelessness with which some men choose their wives is wonderful to me; they seem to bestow more trouble and pains upon the choice of a coat. One or two instances which have lately come to my notice will account for the charge I have brought against the lords of the creation; but only some of them, for others, finding no one good enough, end by remaining old bachelors; and it is best they should, for men of that sort would have worried angels, had they happened to marry them.

One friend of mine came to me some little time ago, and told me that he was going back to India in three months, and described with great feeling his lonely life there at some small up-country station, never seeing a European for weeks at a time. I remember taking off my spectacles, and wiping them, and leisurely putting them into the case, before I could quite make up my mind to say what I wanted. At last I said:

"Alfred, why don't you marry?"

"My dear old soul, that is just what I am thinking of," said he.

"Very well then, what's to hinder you?" I replied.

"Well, you see, grouse-shooting begins next week; of course I can't miss that; and in three months I sail. But I tell you what I have been thinking you could do for me—would you mind giving a party, and asking a few eligibles?"

"My dear Alfred, you shock me," I replied; "I was never used to things of that sort in my youth."

"Well, but I assure you it is often done now: there's Jones of the 10th, and Wiggins of the 19th, married just in that sort of way, and both have been as fortunate as if they had been months at it."

So I gave my party, for my young friend was a great favorite. He would not let me introduce him to any one, but looked on, making himself generally agreeable, and asking other friends to introduce him, not me; I think he was afraid I should look sly.

But towards the end of the evening, he came quietly up to me and said:

"Goody" [that is always my name with young people], "who is that with the pink dress on, with her back towards us?"

"That," said I, "is Miss Marian Browne, and a very nice girl too."

"That's my wife; I like her back," said he.

And true enough, two months after he married her, and both sailed for India together. I often hear from them, and nothing can have turned out better than that hasty marriage.

Then there's young Balmayne; I am sure I never thought he would have done so well as he has, after that imprudent, hurried marriage of his, and he heir to so much. But it's all right now, and I'll tell you how it came to pass.

You must know Balmayne hadn't much to do last winter in town, when he was up with his father, who was ill of the gout; so he used to spend a good deal of his time looking out of the dining-room window; and as his father has one of those houses in Piccadilly not far from Mr. Beresford's, of course he saw a good many people go by in the course of the day.

One morning, it rained very hard—quite a pelt; and as he was at his post, he saw a pretty girl run across the road from the Park, straight to the shelter of the porch, which was over the front-door of his father's house. She had no umbrella; so, of course, Balmayne's first impulse was to lend her one. He put on his hat and coat, just as if he was going for a walk himself, and opened the door.

She really was very pretty, and very wet. She wouldn't come in to be dried, for she was in a hurry to be home; so, as the offered umbrella was a heavy one, Balmayne carried it for her himself. She was a girl of good family, but very poor—that evil worse than sin, in the eyes of some people. However, to make a long story short, Balmayne married her before the season was over; and more than that, had told his father that such was his intention. This brought on another fit of the gout; and the old gentleman vowed and declared that he never would see her; and so matters were in this fix, till it was time to go down for the 12th; and as the moors were in capital order, and a large party coming to the old gentleman's Highland box, Balmayne must come with him, and leave his beautiful young wife behind. This grieved him sadly; but at last a bright idea occurred to him, which he carried out, as we shall relate; for all these are true stories.

At the Euston Square railway station, when Balmayne arrived with his father, there was such a rush for seats, that they had some difficulty in finding one; and as to a carriage to themselves, that was out of the question; but they secured a compartment which, as we all know, contains only four. One lady was already in this; but with the old gentleman's innate politeness, he would not hear of her moving, though, as his gouty foot was obliged to be placed on the opposite seat, there was only just room for them.

The lady sat by the old gentleman, and the son opposite to her. The lady was very pretty, and seemed so sorry and sympathizing, whenever a twinge of the gout forced a strong expression from the old gentleman, that at last he began to take some notice of her, and to talk to her. Balmayne, absorbed in his newspaper, left them entirely to themselves; and before they had reached York, they were quite good friends. It so happened that the young lady, too, was going to spend the night at York; and as she was quite alone, the old gentleman told her she had better come to the same hotel as they did, and his servant should look after her things, for evidently Balmayne did not intend to take the smallest notice of her; and seeing his son's want of proper politeness, perhaps made the good old gentleman all the more attentive.

Next morning, they again set out on their northern journey, and all together, as before, for the lady seemed quite to belong to them now. Having ascertained that she was going down to a place within a few miles of his own shooting-box, the old man promised he would see her safe to the end of her journey, which was rather a long one, as she travelled slowly, being in delicate health; and owing to his gout, the old gentleman did the same; so, as it turned out, they remained together the whole way. When they got to the last station, before leaving the railway for country roads, the two gentlemen got out, the father desiring the lady to remain where she was in the waiting-room till he had found her a carriage, and had her luggage put on to it. She obeyed with a very sweet smile, but looked uncommonly nervous. Balmayne also looked nervous, which was odd. He followed his father, who was looking for a fly for his pretty protegee.

"Upon my word, as nice a girl as ever I met," said the old gentleman. "Really, I'm quite sorry to lose sight of her. How she would enliven us at the moors; wouldn't she, Balmayne?"

But Balmayne was as white as a sheet, and could hardly speak. At last, however, he did say:

"You needn't lose her unless you like, father."

"Now, now, young gentleman, what do you mean?" said his father, bristling up.

"I mean that she's my wife!" gasped out the unfortunate Balmayne.

"By Jove!" said the old gentleman, turning as purple as a turkey-cock; "who could have thought it? You impudent young rascal!"

For some moments it seemed doubtful whether anger at being taken in, or the real pleasure at his son's unknown wife being so much better than he had expected, would gain the mastery; at last, however, his natural good-humor triumphed, and his son led him back to the little waiting-room, where was the poor young wife, more dead than alive with fright, not knowing how her husband's *ruse* would succeed.

Nothing could be better. The old gentleman embraced her with real paternal affection; and one carriage took them all to his shooting-box: and from that day to this, the good father has never ceased to bless the day when his son gave him such a daughter-in-law.

Before I've done, I'll just tell you one more, which didn't turn out so well.

Captain Williams—I forget of what regiment—was quartered at one of the small stations in the Bombay presidency, many miles from any large town. A few others were with him, and the chaplain of the regiment. Any one who has been quartered anywhere abroad under these circumstances will know how well acquainted people get with each other.

After a time, Captain Williams and the young chaplain used to read over their home-letters together, and talk over absent friends, for the arrival of the mail was the great event of the time. Captain Williams had two sisters, who both lived with their widowed mother at home. There had been a much larger family, but all had died except the eldest and youngest daughter, the brother being somewhere about half-way between. There was nearly twenty years between the sisters; indeed, Captain Williams hardly looked upon the eldest as a sister, being born of a former marriage, and more like an aunt than anything else.

This chaplain was rather a namby-pamby sort of fellow, always complaining of his lonely life and all that sort of thing; and Captain Williams was often his confidant.

Whenever the mail came in, he would always stroll to the captain's bungalow, and at last was allowed to read some of his sister's letters, for he kept up a very close correspondence with that dear little own sister of his; and as he talked with great delight of her, and read passages of her letters to the low-spirited young chaplain, it is no wonder if at last this young man began to wish she would write to *him*.

He had seen her picture; her brother had had it painted just before he left England; and it was quite pretty enough to make a romantic young man with nothing to do fancy himself in love with it; so, after a little, he went to the captain, and proposed seriously for his sister, only the lady must put her pride in her pocket, and consent to come out to him, as he could not possibly get leave; besides, the expenses of the journey to England and back would be more than his slender finances could stand.

So Captain Williams wrote the letter; and in due time the answer came that his sister would come, and consented to be the wife of his friend, the chaplain. The letter was written by the elder sister, but neither of them thought anything of that, as very likely the bride elect was shy, and had deputed her to write. The next mail was the time mentioned, as after that the regiment might soon be expected to move up the country further from Bombay, and leave would then be still more difficult, and the journey longer and more expensive. So, about the time expected, our two friends, so soon to be brothers, got a fortnight's leave, and came down to Bombay.

You may imagine how anxiously they watched on the pier the gradual nearing of the steamer, and how nervously they watched all the passengers as they appeared. A sigh of disappointment was rising to the heart of the young chaplain—he could not see the original of the picture—when he was startled by a horror-struck exclamation of his friend: "By Heavens, Arabella!"—and at the same moment an elderly female rushed at the poor captain and folded him in a sisterly embrace.

"Where is Alice?" exclaimed Captain Williams in desperation.

"At home with mamma, dear brother," said the bride-expectant, glancing at his companion. The chaplain looked at her, and then at his friend. Some say his hair turned white then and there; at any rate, it did some months after.

Well, you know I said he was a namby-pamby sort of a fellow; so, instead of saying, "This is not the article I sent for," and shipping off the lady by the next steamer, he quietly accepted his destiny. But either it was too much for him, or the climate did not agree with him; somehow or other, in a year or two he died, leaving a strong, hearty widow, who returned next mail to England, and is now, as far as I know, the oracle of some of the small Cheltenham tea-parties, and tells of the romantic attachment of her dear husband, and of all the wonders she has seen in India.

This also, I am sorry to say, is a true story, and often have I been very sorry for the poor, low-spirited chaplain. I only wish his little experience may teach young men to look well before they leap. India and the colonies are full of such histories. If, when quartered at those out-of-the-way stations, instead of flirting with those they would not speak to at home, sons and brothers would only remember, before marrying, the misery they bring upon their fond, proud mothers and sisters, I do think such catastrophes would less frequently occur.

Thank goodness, I have neither son nor brother to be anxious about. I heard of one young man the other day, who as near as possible engaged himself to a handsome Hottentot. What in the world would the countess, his mother, and his sisters, the Ladies Anne and Louisa, have said to such a sister-in-law! And yet they would have had her if the marriage had not been prevented by the presence of mind of a friend of mine, a young brother-officer of his own.

It is really a serious question, now that our young men are sent all over the world when hardly out of school-room discipline, whether they ought not to marry before they go. This, anxious mothers and sisters generally try to prevent, and with some show of reason, for at that age a man can scarcely know his own mind. Then, again, if he waits till he comes home "for good," he is what is commonly called an old fogie, whom no pretty girl would really care for. Both are evils, but the worst evil of all is picking up no one knows whom, in those far-off lands, and then finding, when you come home, and take your place amongst your family and friends, that though your wife might do very well in the bush, or at small country stations, she is neither an ornament to your father's halls nor your mother's drawing-room. So, young men, beware! The old woman has had her say.

☞ There was a little boy who mourned bitterly the death of a pet guinea-pig. The night after the bereavement his watchful mother heard a plaintive call from the sleepless mourner in the nursery: "Mamma, have great big elephants souls?" "No, darling." A pause, and then in fainter tones, "Mamma, have oxen souls?" "No, no, dear. Go to sleep." A longer interval, and then the scarcely audible voice piped again, "Mamma, have dogs souls?" The tender mother sees at last the drift of the zoological catechism, and grieves to answer as her conscience bids. "No, precious, I am afraid not." A silence—a sob—and then a heart-broken wail: "Oh, mamma, haven't little c-i-e-a-n white guinea-pigs souls?"

☞ At a fancy dress ball in Paris, recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman, what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madame." The lady blushed, and the gentleman smiled.

☞ It has been, with not too much sarcasm, suggested that, in consequence of the increase in the habit of smoking among ladies in England, a carriage shall be attached to every train with a smoking compartment for ladies.

"CONFIDENCE."

All is silent, lonely, free;
Perfumed winds alone disclose
Where the startled hare, retreating,
Dashed aside the drooping rose.

Rest we on this fragrant bank,
Harebells in the grass half-seen,
Wide dark woods around us meeting,
And a clear stream rolled between.

Happy scene! more lovely face
Pressed near mine, above the stream.
"Love, what means thy heart's quick beating,
Sighs more fit a troubled dream?"

"Full of happiness with thee,
Beats this heart so close to thine;
Yet I sighed to think how fleeting
May be passion so divine."

"Looks, not hearts, may have a change:
Changing face this stream does show;
Yet the same translucent current
Tranquil ever flows below." R. G. H.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXVII.

BAD NEWS FOR HALLINGHAM.

"I say, Neal, what sort of a place is St. Paul's Churchyard?"

The questioner was Watton. She sat in the servants' room near the window, against which the rain was pattering, some household sewing in her hand. Neal, who had entered to get a glass he wanted, was rather taken with surprise, but he was not one to show it in his manner.

"Did you never see it?" he asked.

"I saw it in a picture once. I couldn't see it elsewhere; I've never been to London."

"It is a large space of land with houses round it and the cathedral in the middle," explained Neal, who seemed always ready to oblige his fellow-servants, especially Watton. "It's a thoroughfare, you know: the road from Ludgate Hill to Cheapside winds round on each side the church, between it and the houses."

"Is it very noisy?"

"Pretty well for that. But the London people don't seem to care for noise. I expect they are so used to it that they don't hear it."

"The houses round St. Paul's are warehouses, arn't they?"

"Warehouses and shops. The shops are mostly on one side, and the warehouses on the other."

"Do you know a place called Cannon street?"

"I should think I do. It leads down from St. Paul's to King William street. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said Watton slowly, as if she were deliberating something in her mind, "I'm not sure but I am going to live there."

"To live in St. Paul's Churchyard?" repeated Neal.

"I have had a place offered me there, and it seems to me a very eligible one," said Watton. "It's to go as housekeeper in a house of business, some large wholesale place, by what I can understand. I should have two or three servants under me, and twenty-five pounds a year. It seems good, doesn't it?"

"Capital," assented Neal. "Is it in St. Paul's Churchyard?"

"It's either in St. Paul's Churchyard or Cannon street. She isn't quite sure which, she says. Any way, it's close to St. Paul's."

"Who's she?" questioned Neal.

"My sister. Her husband is in this establishment, a traveller, or something of that. He has got on well: he was only day assistant in a shop when she married him, fifteen years ago, and now he gets two or three hundred a year. When Miss Bettina told me I should have to leave, I wrote to my sister and asked her to look out for me, and she has sent me word of this."

"But can she get the place for you?" inquired Neal, who was prompt at weighing probabilities and improbabilities in his mind.

"It is in this way. The present housekeeper has been there a good while and is much respected by the masters, and they have asked her to look out for somebody to replace her. My sister's intimate with her and spoken to her about me."

"Why is she going to leave, herself?" questioned Neal, liking to come to the bottom of everything.

Watton laughed.

"She is going to begin life on her own score: she's about to be married. I think it's rather venturesome, those middle-aged persons marrying: I wouldn't, I know."

"Wait until you are asked," returned Neal, not over-gallantly.

"I have been asked more than once in my life," said Watton. "But I didn't see my way clear. It's all a venture. A good many risk it and a few don't. I'd rather be one of the few. My goodness! how it rains!"

"When do you leave here?"

"When I get a comfortable place. Miss Bettina said I was not to hurry. It isn't as if I were leaving for any fault, or to make room for another. *She* doesn't like my leaving at all, you know."

Neal nodded.

"I heard her grumbling at the doctor like anything about it. She talks loud, and one can't shut one's ears at will."

"She need not grumble to the doctor. It is not his fault. He spoke to me himself, saying how sorry he was to part with me, but he could not help it. 'He had had a severe loss of money,' he said, which rendered it necessary that he should alter the rate of his expenditure. I wonder," added Watton, musingly, "how he came to lose it?"

Neal coughed.

"Perhaps some bank broke?"

"Perhaps it did," answered Watton. "They are ticklish things, those banks. I say, Neal, there's the doctor's bell."

Neal heard the bell for himself and quitted the room to answer it. Watton got up, put down her work, shook a few threads from her gown, opened a drawer and took out a letter.

She was going upstairs to Miss Bettina, to show her the letter she had received and to ask her advice upon the situation mentioned in it. She felt very much inclined to endeavor to secure it; only she felt a shrinking doubt of London. Many persons do who have lived to middle age in the country.

Neal entered the room in answer to the ring. The doctor had been out that morning but returned earlier than usual, for it was not much past twelve. It was the day subsequent to the departure for school of Dick and Leo.

"What a poor fire you have got here, Neal!" said the doctor. "Bring a few sticks and pile the coal on. I feel chilly."

"I hope you have not taken a fresh cold, sir," respectfully observed Neal, as he stirred up the fire preparatory to getting the sticks.

Whether Neal was right or not, as to the fresh cold, certain it was, that before night unfavorable symptoms began to manifest themselves in Dr. Davenal. And they increased rapidly.

A few hours and the news went forth to the town—Dr. Davenal was in danger. The consternation it excited cannot well be described—and if described would scarcely be believed. Numbers upon numbers in that town looked upon Dr. Davenal in the light of a public benefactor: they honestly believed that his death would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall them; they believed that, if he went, nobody else could bring *them* through danger, should it come upon them.

They hastened to the door with their anxious inquiries; they saw the medical men of Hallingham pouring in. What was the matter with him? they eagerly asked. How was he seized?

It was inflammation of the chest, or lungs, or both, they were told. It was in fact an increase of the cold which had been so long hanging upon him, and *which he had neglected.* Oh, only a cold! they repeated carelessly as they listened—what a mercy that it was nothing worse. And they went away re-assured.

A day or two, and there came down a physician from London in answer to a telegraphic despatch. A day or two more and an ominous whisper went forth to the town—that hope was over. The saddened inhabitants paced to and fro, and collected in groups to whisper, and glanced up at the doctor's windows, fearing if perchance the blinds should have been drawn since they last looked. They watched the medical men glide in and out; they saw a lawyer go in, and came to the conclusion that he went to make the will. Altogether Hallingham was in a fever of excitement.

But there occurred a change, contrary to even the most sanguine expectations, a change seemed to take place for the better. Dr. Davenal rallied. The most painful symptoms left him, and some of those around him said he was getting well.

One evening at dusk, Neal was observed to come out of the house with a quick step and hasten up the street. As usual he was instantly surrounded, waylaid by anxious inquirers.

Yes, it was perfectly true, Neal answered, his master was so much better as to surprise all who saw him. The change took place early that morning, and he had been mending ever since. He was well enough to sit up; was sitting up then.

Then there was a hope that he'd recover? the questioners rejoined, scarcely daring to speak the joyful words.

Oh, yes, there seemed every hope of it now. Mr. Cray, who had just gone out, remarked to him, Neal, that he looked upon his master as cured. But he couldn't stop to talk more with them then, Neal added: he was hastening to the chemist's for a draught which the doctor himself had sent him for.

Neal got the draught, imparting the news of the doctor's wonderful improvement to the crowd collecting at the chemist's, for no end of gossipers pressed into the shop when they saw Neal there. Eagerly they listened to the cheering account, and went home relieved of their fears. They felt inclined now to look upon them as a bugbear; it was so very unlikely, they reasoned in their renewed hope, that Dr. Davenal, of all people, should be thus suddenly taken off—it seemed quite without the bounds of probability.

Neal went out of the shop, retraced the streets with his soft tread, and arrived at home. Entering the consulting-room, where the fire in the grate was getting low, he passed on to his master's bed-chamber. Quite a bright chamber for an invalid's. The fire was blazing in the grate, and a handsome lamp, shining through the ornamental pink shade that covered its globe, stood on the small round table. The bed was at the far end of the room in a corner, and Dr. Davenal sat in an easy chair near the fire. He was dressed, all but his coat; in place of that, he wore a warm quilted dressing-gown of soft rich silk; one of those rarely handsome dressing-gowns that seem made to be looked at, not to be worn.

He did not appear very ill. Wan and worn certainly, but not so ill as might have been expected. His breath and voice were the worst: both were ominously weak. The table had been drawn close to him, and he was writing at it. A tolerably long letter it looked like, covering three sides of large note-paper. Perhaps, if the truth had been declared, he had got up purposely to write this letter.

Sara sat on the other side the fireplace, ready to wait upon him. How she had borne the agony of the last few days and been *calm*, she did not know, she never would know: it was one of the sharp lessons taught from life's necessities. "You may be with him," the physician in London had said to her, "provided you can maintain composure in his presence. The witnessing of a child's grief is sometimes the worst agony that the dying have to bear. I cannot sanction your being in the room unless you can promise to be calm."

"I will promise it," replied Sara in a low tone; but that one intimation "the dying" had turned her whole heart to sickness.

Yes, it was one of the lessons that must be learnt in the stern school of life—the maintaining a composed exterior when the heart is breaking. That she was given to reticence of feeling by nature, was of service to Sara Davenal then. Surely the trials that had latterly fallen upon her were very bitter; the battle just now was sharp and keen.

She sat there in her soft dress of violet merino, so quiet and unobtrusive in the sick room, with its little white lace collar and the narrow lace cuffs turned up on the bands of the sleeves at the wrist. The first day of his illness she had on a silk, rustling against the chairs and tables, and she had the good sense to go and change it. The chair she sat in was an elbow one, and her hot cheek rested on her fingers, as she strove to drive back the inward question that *would* intrude itself, whether this improvement was for good, or a fallacious one. She sat perfectly still, her eyes following the motion of his feeble fingers, and it was thus that Neal interrupted them.

"The draught, sir," he said, laying it on the table.

"Set a wine-glass by it," said the doctor. "That will do."

So slowly and feebly! The voice seemed to come from deep down in his chest, and not to be the doctor's voice at all. Neal brought the wine glass as desired, and quitted the room, and the doctor wrote on.

Only for a minute or two: the letter was drawing to a close. Dr. Davenal pressed it with the blotting-paper, read it to himself slowly, and then folded it and put it in an envelope. In all this, his fingers seemed scarcely able to perform their office. He fastened it down, and wrote on the outside his son's name. Then he looked at Sara, touching with his finger the letter.

"My dear, when the next mail goes out, should you have occasion to write of me, let this be inclosed."

"To write of you, papa?" she repeated in a faltering tone. But she need not have asked the question—its meaning had only too surely penetrated to her.

"Should the worst have happened."

"Oh, but—papa—you are getting better!"

She checked the wailing tone; she remembered how necessary, as she had been warned, was calmness in that room; she remembered her promise to maintain it. She pressed her hands upon her bosom and remained still.

"I will take that draught now, Sara, if you'll pour it out."

She rose from her seat, undid the paper, poured the contents of the small bottle into the glass, and handed it to him. The doctor drank it, and gave her back the glass with a smile.

"Not one of those clever fellows thought of ordering me this: yet it's the best thing for anybody suffering as I am. "Ah! they have got something to learn yet. I don't know how they'll get on without me."

"Papa, you may get well yet!" she interrupted; and she *could not* prevent the anguished sound with which the words were spoken.

He turned and looked at her; he seemed to have fallen into a temporary reverie. But he made no direct answer.

"Can you draw the table away, Sara? I don't want it so close now. Gently; take care of the lamp."

"Where shall I put this, papa?" she asked, referring to the letter.

"In my desk in the next room. You'll know where to find it in case of need. My keys are here, on the mantel-piece."

She stopped to ask one question which seemed to be wrung from her in her pain. "Is it to go all the same if you get better, papa?"

"No. Not if I get better."

Passing into the other room, which was lighted only by the fire, she drew the desk from underneath the table, knelt down, unlocked it, and put in the letter. It looked like what it was—a dying missive, and was addressed: "For my son, Edward Davenal." Sara was locking the desk again, when some one entered the room and came round the table to where she knelt.

"My goodness! are you saying your prayers?"

Wrapped in silks and ermine, her lovely face peeping out from a charming pink bonnet, was Mrs. Cray. The doctor had expressed a wish to Mark Cray that afternoon that Caroline would come to him, and Mark had delivered the message when he got home.

"Mark says Uncle Richard wants to see me," she exclaimed, "so I thought I'd run down at once. I can't stop; Berry and another friend or two are going to dine with us. I am so delighted to hear of the improvement in Uncle Richard! Mark says the danger is quite over."

"If I could but be sure it was!" was Sara's answer.

"There you are, with your doubts and fears! Never was anybody like you, Sara. Don't I tell you Mark says it? Yes, I'll take my cloak off for the few minutes that I stop."

She threw off her bonnet, and let the cloak slip from her shoulders, displaying her evening attire, for she had dressed before she came out: a silk, so light as to look almost white, that stood on end with richness and rustled as she walked; the dazzling necklace, given by Captain Davenal, on her white neck; a dew-dropped pink rose in her gleaming hair.

Utterly unaccordant looked she with the chamber of one dying, as she stepped into the other room. Dr. Davenal's eyes were fixed on her for a moment in simple wonder, as if he saw a vision. Then he recognized her, and held out his hand, a glad look pervaded his countenance.

"Well, Uncle Richard! I am so rejoiced that you are getting better. You'll come and dance at our housewarming yet."

"Are you going to hold one?" asked the doctor, as he held her hand in his, and gazed up at her beauty.

"Mark and I are thinking of it. We can do everything you know, now that money's coming to me."

"Ah," said the doctor, "it's about that money I want to talk to you. Sit down, Caroline. How smart you are, my dear!"

"Nay, I think it's you that are smart, uncle," she returned, with a gay laugh. "So it has come into use at last!"

Caroline touched the dressing-gown as she spoke. There had always been a joke about this dressing-gown. A patient of the doctor's, as fanciful as Lady Oswald, and nearly as old, had made it with her own hands and sent it to him. It had remained unused. For one thing, the doctor was too plain in his habits, and too busy a man to require a dressing-gown at all; for another, he had looked upon the garment as extravagantly fine.

"Yes," said he, in answer to Caroline's remark, "I have found it useful to-day. It is very warm and comfortable. Caroline, I have been talking again to Mark about the money."

"Well, uncle?"

"I don't know that it is well. Mark does not appear inclined to make me any promise that it shall be settled upon you when it comes. I urged it upon him very strongly this afternoon, and he answered me in his light careless manner, 'Of course,' 'Oh yes, doctor, I'll remember;' but he did not give a specific promise; whether by accident or design, I cannot say. So I told him to send you down to me."

"Yes, uncle," she said, thinking more of the weakness of the voice to which she was listening, than of the import of the words.

"This money must be settled upon you, Caroline, the instant that you touch it. It is essential that a married woman should, if possible, have some settlement. If I recover, I shall take care that this is so settled, but—"

"*If* you recover?" she interrupted. "Why, Uncle Richard, you are getting well as fast as you can. Mark says so. You are sitting up!"

"True; I am sitting up; and I could not have sat up two or three days ago. Still, I am not sure about the getting well."

"But Mark says so; he says you are," reiterated Caroline.

"And Mark's opinion, as a medical man, must be infallible, you think," rejoined the doctor, with a momentary look in his face that Caroline did not understand. "At any rate, my dear, it is well to remember all contingencies. 'Hope for the best, and prepare for the worst,' was one of your Grandpapa Davenal's favorite maxims. You must have the money settled upon you—"

"But, Uncle Richard, are you quite sure that would be for the best?" she interposed. "If the money is settled in that way, it would be all tied up, and do us no good after all."

"You would enjoy the interest."

"That's not over much," said Caroline, slightingly. "I and Mark have been planning a hundred things that we might do with the money. Refurnish the Abbey splendidly for one."

"You and Mark are a couple of simpletons," retorted the doctor, as he momentarily regained his energy of voice. But the effort was too much, and he lay panting for several minutes afterward. Caroline sat gazing at him, her finger unconsciously raised to her neck, playing with the gleaming toy there. Which could she trust to, these signs of illness, or Mark's opinion?

"Caroline, I insist that the money be settled upon you. Were you and Mark to waste it in nonsense, it would be nothing less than a fraud upon your West Indian relatives from whom it is derived. You may tell Mark so from me. That money, Carine, secured to you, would at least keep the wolf from coming quite in, should he ever approach your door."

Caroline sat aghast, wondering whether the doctor had lost his senses.

"The wolf at the door for us, Uncle Richard! As if that could ever be!"

"Ah, Carine, I have lived to know that there is no permanent certainty in the brightest lot," he answered with a sigh. "My dear, more experience has been forced upon me in the past year or two, than I had learnt in the whole course of my previous life. Understand me once for all, this money must be secured to you."

"Very well, Uncle Richard," she answered with ready acquiescence. "It shall be so, as you seem so much to wish it. I'll tell Mark all you say."

She rose as she spoke. Dr. Davenal was rather surprised that she should be going again so very soon, and looked inquiringly at her.

"Can't you stay a little longer, Caroline?"

"I wish I could; but I shall hardly get back to dinner, and we expect some friends to-day. Good-night, Uncle Richard."

He drew her face down to his, murmuring his farewell. Little did Caroline Cray think it would be his last.

Sara went out with her cousin, and saw her depart with the servant who had waited for her. When she returned to the chamber, the doctor was in deep thought.

"I think you must bring the table near to me again, Sara," he said. "There's another word or two I should like to write."

"Yes, papa. Do you want Edward's letter?"

"No, no; it's not to him. There. Dip the pen in the ink for me."

It was a tacit confession of weakness that she did not like to hear: and she saw that even in the short space of time that had elapsed since he wrote before, his strength had visibly declined. He was scarcely able to guide the pen.

"That will do," he said, when he had traced a few lines. "Sara, should you have occasion to send this, inclose it in a note from yourself, explaining my state when I penned it; that I was almost past writing. Will you remember?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, her heart beating painfully at the words.

"Fold it for me."

Honorable in all her thoughts and actions, Sara folded the note with the writing turned from her. It is just possible some children might have been sufficiently actuated by curiosity to glance at least at the name at the commencement of the note. Not so Sara Davenal. She placed it in an envelope and fastened it down.

"I think I can direct it, Sara. Just the name."

She gave him the pen, and he traced the name in uneven, doubtful letters. Sara noted it with surprise, and perhaps her pulses quickened. "O. Oswald Cray, Esquire."

"Put it in my desk with Edward's, my dear. If you have occasion to send the one, you will the other."

As she unlocked the desk again, her tears were raining down fast. In all that her father was saying and doing there seemed to be a foreshadowing in his own mind of his approaching death. She quitted the rooms for a few minutes, that her emotion might spend itself, and in the hall encountered her aunt going in to dinner. Miss Bettina appeared to assume that Sara had come forth for the same purpose.

"Oh! I am glad you are going to take some to-day. Fasting is not good for you, Sara."

Sara mechanically followed her aunt into the dining-room. But she did not take her seat. She stood up by the fire and leaned her elbow on the mantelpiece. Miss Bettina looked round and detected the traces of her emotion.

"Why! what's the matter?"

Sara cleared her throat and strove to clear her face. "Papa seems to me worse, Aunt Bettina."

"Worse!" echoed Miss Bettina. "Is he worse? In what way? Neal," she added, turning to the man, "you told me your master was better this evening."

"He seems a great deal better, ma'am," was Neal's answer. "He has been writing."

Miss Bettina looked from one to the other. Which was right? Sara explained.

"Of course he is better than he was some days ago," said Sara. "That is, better in one sense. But he seems low this evening: as if there were an impression on his own mind that he shall not get well."

"Seems what?" cried Miss Bettina, bending her ear. "Low? Well, what else would you have him be? You can't expect one who has come out of the dangerous illness that your papa has, to be in all the high feather of rude health. What has he had?"

"Watton brought him some jelly an hour ago. He has just taken a draught now; something he sent for from the chemist's."

"Are you not going to sit down?"

"No, aunt, I can't take dinner to day. I shall have some tea with papa presently."

Miss Bettina gave utterance to a slight reprimand on the sin of fasting and grieving when there was no cause for it. Sara listened a little while, and then left the room. Miss Bettina, who was going on tranquilly enough with her dinner, suddenly grew uneasy.

"Neal! there *is* no cause for Miss Sara's low spirits, I suppose?"

"None whatever that I can see, ma'am. If my master were worse, he would not continue to sit up."

But, somehow, Miss Bettina had received the doubt into her head, and could not get it out again. She laid down her knife and fork, and walked across the hall to the doctor's chamber. He had fallen into a doze when left alone by Sara, his head lying uncomfortably on the pillow of his chair. The soft rustling of Miss Bettina's sweeping silks aroused him. She went up and took his hand.

"Richard, how are you to night?"

"I hardly know. Middling."

"Sara is fancying you are not so well."

"Is she?"

"But she always was given to fancies, you know. Is it right you should sit up so long the first time of leaving your bed?"

"Yes, I like the change. I was tired of bed. Sit down, Bettina. There are one or two things I want to say to you."

She had not finished her dinner, but she was quite ready to wait with him. Something in his aspect had struck upon her unpleasantly, and she began to doubt the truth of Neal's words, of their new hopes, that he was better.

"One word, Richard. Are you finding yourself worse?"

"Bettina, I have not been better."

"The doctors have thought you so," she said, after a pause.

"Ay, but I know more of my own state than they can tell me. When the suffering and its signs passed, they leaped to the conclusion that the disease had left me. In a measure, so it has, but they should have remembered in how many of such cases the apparent improvement is all deceit, the forerunner of the end."

Bettina Davenal fully understood the words and what they implied. But she was not a demonstrative woman, and the rubbing together to pain of her white and somewhat bony hands was the sole sign of the inward aching heart.

"And I am thankful for the improvement," added the doctor. "It is not all who are permitted this freedom from pain in their dying hours."

"Oh, Richard! is there *no* hope?"

"I fear not," he gravely answered. "I am accustomed to impress upon my patients the great truth that while there is life there is hope, and I should be worse than a heathen to ignore it in my own case. But, all I can say is, I cannot trust to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Col. Dahlgren's alleged order, photographed, has reached this country through the London Photograph Journal, and furnished, it is said, "by the kindness of an American friend." The *fac simile* bears no date, and the name is not correctly spelled—proof, in part, that it is a forgery.

☞ It is said that Howard, the forger of the bogus Proclamation, is the American "Jenkins." On the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Canada, and during his tour through this country, Howard accompanied him as a special correspondent. He was with President Lincoln at the time of his tour from Springfield to Washington, and wrote the hoax story in relation to Mr. Lincoln's escape "in a Scotch cap and long military cloak," a statement which, it is said, had not a shadow of truth in it.

☞ Australia, it is said, will export, through its principal port alone, nearly or quite $30,000,000 in gold the current year.

☞ The following is the latest story about Grant:—"In the third day's fight of the recent engagements in Virginia, Gen. Grant turned to Gen. Meade and said:—'Well, Meade, if they are going to make a Kilkenny cat affair of this, all I have to say is, our cat has got the longest tail.'"

The alms most precious man can give to man,
Are kind and loving words. Nor come amiss
Warm, sympathizing tears to eyes that scan
The world aright; the only error is
Neglect to do the little good we can.

A LESSON TO PARENTS.

I had been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was nowhere to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent, and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth, is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionery, to present to mother and the children. I need not say how delighted the little ones were at this slight expression of paternal consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repast, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our nick-nacks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly:

"So, father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?"

I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Not I! I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use, any article whatever of family consumption, without permission; and as permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never been denied them, she was loth to suspect any one of them of the offence. We had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying:

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty, we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately called into my presence; the eldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant; call her to me," said I, addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the drawer of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she had placed there?"

"Wot apples?"

"Did you take no apple from the drawer of your mistress?"

"No, sa."

Now, it was evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that one of my children had told me a lie? The thought harassed me. I was not able to attend to business. I went to the store—but soon returned again. Meanwhile, the servant-girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple the morning before. On examination, the core and several pieces of the rind were found upon the floor. I again called Mary to me, and said to her affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you not go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go there with an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice anything on the floor?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling me a falsehood; but appearances were against her. The fault lay between her and the servant, and while I was desirous to acquit my child, I did not wish to accuse unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone; I spoke to her of the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth—of the severe punishment I should be compelled to inflict upon her if she did not confess the whole to me, and, with tears in my eyes, urged her to say that she had done it, if indeed she had. Gradually I became convinced of her guilt; and now I felt determined she *should* confess it. My threatenings were not without effect. After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her, and falling upon her knees, she said:

"Father, I *did* take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar, in my presence!

Suppressing my emotion, I retired; and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and, in a paroxysm of grief, cried out—

"Mother, I did *not* take the apple; but father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible! My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate—so gentle—so truthful in all the past! Could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my life—severely, severely chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and I may add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent! After-events proved that the negro was the thief. She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there; and to make the circumstances strong against her, had strewn apple-rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is, never to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be he is telling the truth. The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family when I can possibly do without.

The foregoing is a continuation of the article on Parental Corrections in the September number. The author is unknown, but if such impressive lessons have their due effect on the minds of parents, it will save many a pang in after years. "I read your September article on Parental Corrections," said a sunny-faced, energetic business man the other day. "I had just such a case in my own family. The mother was extremely impatient at the child; but I took him to his room, soothed his spirits as much as possible, and slept with him in his own little bed all night." A neighbor of ours, one of the very best of men in all the relations of domestic, social and business life, corrected a little son of his with great harshness and severity. The next day the boy was taken ill, was sick for a long time, and barely escaped the grave. In the apprehension of the death of the child, and in the contemplation of his daily sufferings, he endured such inexpressible mental torture, he declared he would never punish a child of his again. This was going to the opposite extreme. It is seldom wise, in any domestic management, to lay down a Medo-Persian law; to pass any irrevocable edict; to make any unchangeable regulation. Such things are unbecoming in themselves, and indicate a weak mind. We are the creatures of circumstances. It is best to cultivate force of character, and leave ourselves free to act according to the exigencies of the moment. In reference to any action, whether good or bad, there is so much to modify it which cannot be foreseen, that the highest wisdom is to leave one's self free to act when the time of action comes, steadily aiming to avoid haste and harshness; seeking a discreet medium between leniency and sternness; between license and liberty. But in reference to all our dealings with our children, knowing how fallible we are; knowing the numerous sources of misinformation and mistakes around us, it is well, if error must be committed, that it should be on the side of patience, forbearance, and a loving heart. Our children are unresisting, helpless; they look to us naturally for acts of tenderness and love toward them; and if, instead, they should meet an over-share of sternness, or of an unrelenting nature, the heart is soon wounded, the affections chilled, their trustingness crushed, and the foundation is laid for a spirit of enmity, dislike, and actual casting off of the tie which binds to home and all its endearments; and when that is once fairly done, the mischief is without remedy in all time thereafter. Let parents bear these things in mind. A fitful recognizance of their truthfulness is not sufficient; the impression should be of an abiding character, for none other will be sufficient to restrain the promptings of an impetuous nature or of a hasty temperament; thus is it that, in a moment, sometimes an act has been committed or a word uttered, laying the foundation for life-long remorses.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE WRONG GREASE.—A young man, who was anxious to raise a ferocious crop of whiskers, and was told that bear's grease would facilitate their growth, went to a druggist's and procured a bottle of oil, which he put profusely on his face when going to bed. Next morning on looking in the glass, he was horrified to find either side of his face covered with a thick coat of feathers. The druggist had made a mistake, and given him goose grease instead of the genuine extract of the bear.

☞ There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

☞ Mr. Truman Miner, of Woodbury, Conn., made 460 gallons of wine from the product of three hundred hills of the Turkish rhubarb wine-plant—similar to our common rhubarb pie-plant—last year, which sells at $2 per gallon. The plants occupy less than an eighth of an acre of ground.

☞ We notice in a contemporary's column the advertisement of a lady for a husband—"None need apply under six feet." Whew! but the lady goes in for *Hy*-men.

A SHOE RAID BY GEN. WADSWORTH.

The New York Post relates the following anecdote of the late General Wadsworth, as related by himself in the hearing of one of the editors of that journal:

"I remember, during the march through Maryland, before the battle of South Mountain, we passed over a tract of country extremely rugged and stony, and I saw not only men, but officers, walking along with bleeding feet. The men's shoes gave out entirely. It hurt my feelings more than I can tell you, to see the good fellows trudge along so. We came to a town on the line of march, and I, who was riding at the head of the column, spurred ahead to see if there were not some shoe stores where I could purchase what was needed for the men. All the shops were closed. The first men I saw were two sitting outside of a closed shop. 'Are there any shoe stores in this town?' I asked. They replied, in a gruff way, that they could not tell; there might be, and there might not. I told them that I wanted to buy some shoes for my troops, who were barefooted. They replied, they guessed I wouldn't get many. At that, I got angry. Said I: 'There are two pairs of shoes at any rate, which I see on your feet. Take them off instantly!' I shouted to them. They were obliged to do it. I went through the town, and took the shoes off every man's feet I could see, and thus I raised about two hundred pairs in all. One fine old fellow, a miller, whom I met, I did not deprive of his own pair. I rode up to him and asked him if he had any shoes he could spare me, describing the pitiful condition of my men. The old man said: 'I don't know if there's any shoes in the house or not, but'—looking down at his feet—'here's a pair you're welcome to at any rate.' I would not let him take them off, but he gave me some from his house. All the rest I stripped."

☞ A company of the 24th New York cavalry, having taken possession of a newly constructed breastwork thrown up by the rebels near Spottsylvania, prepared to build fires out of some rails in the embankment. On pulling out the rails, a portion of the bank caved away, leaving exposed tier upon tier of bodies of rebel soldiers slain in the vicinity, which had been used by their living comrades in erecting fortifications to protect them from Burnside's shells.

☞ Michael Knightlinger, of Crawford county, Pa., advertises his wife Eliza as leaving his bed and board, and closes his notice by saying: "This is the sixteenth time she has served me in the same way." Michael must be patient.

☞ Bulwer thinks a man's nature is shown by the way he shakes hands; that he may have the manners of a Chesterfield, and smile very sweetly, but yet may chill and steel your heart against him the moment he shakes hands with you. But there is, he says, a cordial grasp which shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating truth, and even power of character—a clasp which recalls the classic trust in the "faith of the right hand."

☞ The climate of California has a remarkably destructive effect upon billiard balls. After playing with them only a short time, they crumble and flake, so that they lose their qualifications at least for billiard purposes.

☞ It has been observed by keen philosophers, as a proof of the universal discontent which prevails in the world, that an eel is displeased at being skinned, begin at which end you will.

☞ On being asked what he considered the most essential thing for a soldier, the Duke of Wellington replied: "A good pair of boots." And on being asked what was the next most essential thing, he said: "Another good pair of boots" Nothing daunted, the questioner asked what was the next most essential thing, to which the Duke replied: "A good pair of boot-soles in his knapsack."

☞ "From the portico of my house," says John M. Botts, "I and my family have seen nine battles fought on my own fields, and just before my own door, between hostile troops who but yesterday, as it were, boasted of a common history, a common nationality, and a common destiny."

☞ It is a musical fact, that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.

THEY never fall who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

☞ In the city of New York, it is stated that a number of the butchers have closed their establishments for want of business—many people, from the enormous prices demanded, having stopped buying meat, and others living on salt meat—such as pork, ham, and shoulders.

Curiosities of the Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells very singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my divings were made, are about forty miles in length, and about ten or twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when he is submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymphs. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals, where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention: it resembled a sea fan of immense size and variegated colors, and the most brilliant hues. The fish which inhabit those "Silver Banks" I have found as different in kind as the scenery is varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical body of the globe-like sun-fish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of the small size resembled the bull-terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could be scarcely seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the varous kinds of fish beheld, while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, were often seen. There were often fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their positions as a shrub: the only powers they possessed was to open and shut when in danger.

Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four to five inches to three feet it length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which, I should think, would weigh from four to five hundred pounds.

☞ It is well remarked by Archbishop Trench, that we have forfeited the full force of the statement, "God is no respecter of *persons*," from the fact that "person" does not mean for us now all that it once meant. "Person," from "persona," the mask constantly worn by the actor of antiquity, is, by natural transfer, the part or *role* in the play which each sustains. "In the great tragi-comedy of life, each sustains a 'person;' one that of a king, another that of a bind; one must play Dives, another Lazarus. This 'person,' God, for whom the question is not *what* 'person' each sustains, but *how* he sustains it, does not regard."

☞ "The Ohio," says a correspondent, "is a sickly stream." "Yes," replies a Louisville paper, "it is has been confined to its bed as long as we can remember."

☞ The Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, who saved the fleet in the Red River by erecting a dam across the stream at the Lower Falls, had no reputation before this great act of ingenuity, skill and service; but to-day he stands before the country as the man most justly deserving of fame and reward in the whole expedition.

☞ A great affliction from God is like a great blast in a quarry—it throws out great treasures, or it opens a way for great projects. I revere a man who is in great afflictions. God seems to have selected him, like a piece of second-growth timber, for an important work. It is not every one who can be trusted to suffer greatly.

☞ A hospitable English gentleman one day informed his butler that six clergymen were going to dine with him, and desired him to make due preparation. "May I ask, sir," deferentially replied the butler, "whether they be 'igh or low church?" "What on earth makes you ask such a question?" "Because, sir, you see if they're 'igh they drinks, and if they're low they eats."

ABOUT THE LOBSTER.

Who does not like the flesh of the lobster? Even the child knows the nursery riddle, "Black in the kitchen, red on the table." Without any warmth in their bodies, or even without red blood circulating through their veins, they are wonderfully voracious. They even devour each other, and may be said to eat themselves; for, changing their shell and stomach every year, these remains are generally the first morsels to glut their new system. They are always in harness, heavily armed to the teeth; seven-jointed is the cunningly forged mail of their back. Beneath this protecting roof move four, yes, eight scrawling feet, four on each side, pushing forward the unwieldy war engine, like the Roman legion under the shelter of the battering-ram.

The two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defence; and by opening like a pair of scissors, they have great strength, and take a firm hold. Between the two claws lies the animal's head, very small, with eyes like two black, horny specks, on each side; and these it can advance out of the socket, or draw in, at pleasure. The mouth, like that of insects, opens lengthwise of the body, not crosswise, as with man and the higher races of animals. It has two teeth for its food, but three more in the stomach. Before the pointed nose, the long, wire-like feelers or horns are stretched out, that seem to aid the dimness of its sight. The tail, or jointed instrument, is its great locomotive, by which it is raised and propelled through the water. Beneath this we see lodged the spawn in great abundance.

When the young lobsters leave the parent, they seek refuge in small clefts of the rocks, or crevices at the bottom of the sea. In a few weeks they grow much larger, and change their shell for lobsterhood. In general, this is done once a year, and is a painful operation. For some days before this change, the animal loses its usual strength and vigor, lying torpid and motionless; but just before casting its shell, striking its claws against each other, every limb seems to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide—it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away with its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off much as you or I would kick off a boot too big for us. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless, but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and the shell in the same time is perfectly formed and hard, like the one just cast off.

The lobster has increased more than a third in its size, and like a boy that has outgrown his clothes, it seems wonderful how the old shell could contain so great an animal as fills the new. Below, in his native element, he reaches the age of twice ten years, and loses a foot or claw without feeling his loss, for he very well knows that they will grow again. At certain seasons, lobsters never meet each other without a fight; and when a leg or even a claw is lost, the victor carries it off, while the vanquished retires for a thorough repair of his injured anatomy. This is quickly accomplished, for in three weeks the new limb is nearly as large and powerful as the old one. When hunting, the lobster resorts to stratagem, if his strength be insufficient. In vain the oyster closes the door against his grasping, vice-like claw; for so soon as the unsuspecting mollusk opens its house, in he pops a stone, and the breach made, the oyster must surrender.

The lobster has his rocky home at a depth of from six to twelve fathoms; and the propagation of his race is continued in marvellous numbers. More than twelve thousand eggs have been counted in a single female. When he reaches the light he is inactive; but in his own realm he dashes with rapid speed over the chasms and rocky table-lands of the ocean. A motion of the tail is sufficient to hurl him down more than fifty feet deep, and thus escape the swiftest pursuit. So sure is this leap, that he never misses the entrance of his cavern, even in the most precipitous flight, although, too, it merely offers space enough to admit his body.

☞ FIERY BEARDS.—On Sunday last, says a recent Scotch paper, a gentleman who wears a beard was considerably astonished to find that, on the cessation of a shower of hail, on attempting to free his beard from the hail that had lodged in it, the hirsute appendage became quite luminous with a kind of phosphoric light every time he drew his fingers through it. Not only was the luminosity apparent on the beard, but his black gloves glistened with the same phosphoric emanation every time the beard was "stroked." We leave meteorologists to explain the reason of this curious phenomenon, and to say whether a bushy beard may become, in certain situations, a generator of electrical influence.

☞ Stephen Spear, of Braintree, Vermont, advertises in the Montpelier Watchman that he wishes to secure a place to supply a pulpit as a practical preacher of the gospel, and his wife would like a chance to do housework, or to work at the tailoring and dressmaking business. A useful pair—especially Mrs. Spear.

MISS MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN.

HER EXPERIENCE AS A SPY IN DIXIE—SHE MEETS THE REBEL GENERALS FORREST, BRAGG, BOONE AND MORGAN—SHE IS CAPTURED AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH, AND RECAPTURED BY OUR TROOPS.

We have now among us one of those heroic women whose glorious courage and unflinching personal sacrifices have given a tinge of the olden time romance to the sombre annals of our terrible civil war. There arrived yesterday at the Astor House, where she will remain for a few days, Miss Major Pauline Cushman, the gallant and true-hearted girl with whose exploits the country North and South, has been ringing for a year past. She has come among us on her way to the further recesses of our cool and salubrious climate in pursuit of relaxation from her arduous duties, and a restoration of her health from the wounds and fatigues to which she has been subjected. A full narrative of all her "hair-breadth 'scapes and ventures perilous" since she entered the secret service of the Union would furnish forth a bulky volume, surpassing by far in real interest the most ingenious and highly-wrought fictions of the day. Of course, we can tarry for only a brief narration of a few of the more striking incidents of her career.

Her history, since the war began, commences at Cleveland, Ohio, where she was residing when hostilities commenced in 1861.

Of mingled French and Spanish descent, and a native of New Orleans, where she first saw the light in 1833, she brought to the profession of the stage all the fire and vivacity of her lineage and clime, and soon became by her talents as well as the graces of her person, exceedingly popular. From Cleveland, at an early period of the war, she removed to Louisville, Kentucky, and there her histrionic success continued. Among her many acquaintances and friends were some paroled Confederate officers, who, during her engagement at Wood's Theatre, in March, 1863, were very attentive, and presumed at length so far upon her courtesy as to ask her to offer upon the stage, during the performance of *The Seven Sisters*, the following toast:—"Here's to Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy. May the South always maintain her honor and her rights." Shocked in her patriotic feelings by this proposal, she at once privately acquainted Col. Moore, the Provost Marshal, who, after some serious conversation, held out such inducements as persuaded her to enter the secret service of the Union.

This being understood, upon a given night she offered the toast in question, with full advice and consent of the authorities. The theatre was crowded, and the incident fell upon the multitude like a thunder-clap, confusing and mortifying all loyal persons present, and highly delighting their "secesh" neighbors. This, of course, led to her mock arrest and dismissal from the theatre. Speedily released, she next repaired to Nashville, and while there engaged at the new theatre. It was suggested to her by Col. W. Truesdale, the chief of army police, to make a little excursion to the headquarters of the Confederate General Bragg. This idea fully coinciding with her own innate love of wild and dashing adventures, and an excellent pretext being available in the fact that she had a brother in the rebel service, she willingly undertook the expedition, after having solemnly accepted the following oath:—

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, OFFICE CHIEF OF ARMY POLICE, May 26, 1863.—I, Pauline Cushman, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance and fidelity to the Government of the United States of America, and that I will faithfully serve the same during the time that I am employed in the service of the Army of the Cumberland, to the best of my knowledge and ability; that I will observe and obey all the instructions which may be given me; that I will in no manner or form convey or give any information to the enemies of the Government of the United States, which will be of advantage to them or injury to the Federal cause, so help me God.

The colonel then gave her a series of very minute, solemn and impressive instructions for her guidance, and she set forth as a refugee and victim of "Northern tyranny."

She is Caught at Last.

All good as well as evil fortune must one day take a turn, and at length, in the very plenitude of her renown, the fair and brave Pauline was taken in the dead of night by the rebel scouts, while she was resting at the house of one Baum, a farmer residing near the Hardin turnpike road, which she had been exploring after the capture of Nashville by the Union forces, her purpose being to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy after their retreat from that city.

John Morgan, or as she calls him, "Johnnie" Morgan, the renowned guerrilla chieftain, became her first custodia, and conducted her to the quarters of Gen. Forrest. On the way "Johnnie" manifested all the gallantry that usually distinguishes the genuine son of Mars in the presence of the fair, and offered the beautiful Pauline all his friendship, a magnificent diamond ring, and a silver-mounted revolver as keepsakes, and urged her to become his aid-de-camp so soon as she should be released.

Her interview with Gen. Forrest was dramatic in a high degree. The general was no little pleased to see her in his camp and greeted her with unfeigned warmth:—

"Well, I'm really glad to see you," said he. "I've been looking for you a long time, but I have got this last shuffle" (the general still retained the phraseology of his profession before the war,) "and I intend to hold you. You have been here before; you know all the roads, bridle-paths and hog-paths, even in the country."

With finely assumed indignation, our heroine exclaimed,

"'Tis false! I've *never* been here before, and I should like to send a bullet through the man mean enough to make the charge."

Forrest gazed at her with amazement, while she continued—

"Yes, and I'd send one through you, if I could, if you dared to repeat the assertion!"

He looked at her for another moment in silence, and then replied—

"Well! you're made of good fighting stuff, if you are a woman."

"I got my visit South as a poor refugee expelled from the Union lines on account of her strong Southern feeling," and accounted most adroitly for the absence of her baggage, stating that she had been deprived of all by Col. Truesdale. The general questioned her as to her plans for the future in the South, the position and resources of the Union army, &c., and all these inquiries she managed skillfully to meet with woman's ready wit. At length he summarily informed her that he should hand her over to his Provost Marshal-General, Col. McKinstry—"a humane and just man"—who would investigate the serious charges against her, and, according to the truth, decide.

After a little more handying of words on both sides, Pauline still stoutly maintaining her *Confederate* loyalty, she was despatched to Gen. Bragg's headquarters at Shelbyville, receiving, as she parted from "Johnnie Morgan," his good wishes, expressed in the following touching language:

"Good-bye. I hope we shall meet again where we can have something better than corn-bread baked in ashes, and rot gut whiskey at fifteen dollars per quart." Her parting song, as she rode away, was the well-known ballad, "Trust to Luck." By a curious coincidence, when she next saw the redoubtable Morgan it was in prison at Columbus, and in his convict garb, while she was then again free and within the circle of Federal authority. Advancing to him she laughingly exclaimed, as she held out her hand—

"How *are you*, Johnnie?"

"Ah!" replied he, "the boot is on the other foot now."

A quaint interview with Gen. Braxton Bragg was the result of her visit to Selbyville.

Having been conducted to the general's tent, her colloquy with that imposing personage thus began:—

Bragg—Of what country are you?

Pauline—I am of French and Spanish descent.

Bragg—Where were you born?

Pauline—In New Orleans.

Bragg—Your speech savors of the Yankee twang.

Pauline—Well, as an actress, I have been playing Yankee parts so long that I suppose I've caught the "twang."

She then went on to narrate the history of her fighting qualities from a woman—"my own good, brave mother."

"But to the point. You have important papers in your possession, and if they prove you to be a spy, nothing can save you from a little hemp."

She carelessly replied—

"Well, go on, and root the whole thing up, if you like."

Then picking up a packet of letters, he, in turn, said—

"Without sending spies, I know *everything* that goes on at the Yankee headquarters better than their own clerks there!"

Pauline—But if I am found guilty what will you do with me?

Bragg—You will surely be hanged.

Pauline—General, come, now! I don't think I'd be either useful or ornamental dangling at the end of a rope. If I must die let me choose the method of my death.

Bragg—I cannot promise that, because you might prefer a natural mode of exit.

Pauline—No, if I must perish; let me be shot, for that would not hurt me so much.

Shortly after this highly consolatory interview, Miss Pauline was taken exceedingly ill, and having been found guilty and condemned, was saved from death by this circumstance alone. It was only after three months' captivity that, one fine morning, while she still lay upon her sick bed, the joyous sound of the Union bugles, as the rebels fled and the Federals, under Gens. Gordon Granger, Mitchell and Stanley entered the town, recalled her to liberty and life. After this it was that Gen. Garfield, in recognition of her long and most invaluable services, and her sufferings in two severe wounds received from the enemies of the Union while she was on duty, that Gen. Garfield conferred upon her the rank and title of Major, by which she is now universally known.

Her Personal Appearance.

The fair "spy" whose name has already become historical, possesses many personal graces. Rather above the medium height, her figure is fully rounded yet agile and elastic, and a high brow of classic contour is adorned with clustering tresses of rich dark hair, and a comely waist and feminine hand and foot subdue all the ruder associations of the camp and field; and the *ensemble* of the thoughts awakened, as this lady stands before you, and in glowing phrases recounts her own strange story, is bewildering, yet fascinating in the extreme, seeming rather some remnant of the days of Joan of Arc, than a reality of our own less golden time.

Miss *Major* Cushman has with her the various passes, uniforms, etc., used by her, and will probably be visited during her brief stay by thousands of her grateful countrymen. It is rumored that, to-night, a grand serenade will testify in patriotic melodies the appreciation of very many personal friends who admire in her the true woman and the tried and trusty patriot.—*New York World*, 31*st*.

ANOTHER AMERICAN KING.—While Maximilian is preparing to visit his new American kingdom, Europe contains another American monarch of whom we learn for the first time. The Echo de Verone says that M. de Tounens, ex-King of Auracania and Patagonia, is now staying at Perigeux, and has just received letters from his old kingdom, assuring him that his return is impatiently expected by the population, and that he may rely upon an enthusiastic reception if he will return. So we have the Emperor Pedro of Brazil, Maximilian of Mexico, and Tounens of Auracania and Patagonia. Robinson Crusoe's island is not yet a monarchy to our knowledge.—*North American*.

EXTENSIVE WAR PREPARATIONS IN TURKEY.—Great activity prevails in the arsenals and in the different military establishments throughout the Empire. A host of workmen are busy at the Imperial factory of Zeitun-Bornou, and three hundred soldiers from the garrison of Constantinople have been recently added to their number, to assist in making cartridges. Three hundred thousand boxes of infantry ammunition are about to be distributed among the various *corps d'armee*; and, in addition to the percussion caps manufactured here, twelve millions more have been ordered from Europe.

GEN. GRANT.—When Mrs. Grant left Washington for her Western home she remained a short time in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Several gentlemen called upon her, and in the course of the conversation congratulated her on the elevation of her husband, and expressed a hope that he would be successful in this campaign. Her whole manner, quiet, dignified and reserved, seemed to express surprise that any one could doubt his success. Pausing a moment, she replied:—"I have no doubt but the general will succeed, for he is a very *obstinate* man." This remark ended the conversation. A Galena neighbor of the commanding general has been stopping here some time and seems utterly confounded with the sudden growth of his neighbor, the tanner. He can't account for it, for he was not a marked man in his home, and nobody supposed him a great man; he seldom talked, asked no advice, gave none to any one, but always did what he agreed to, and at the time.

MODERN MANNA.—A singular circumstance is reported to us on good authority. About three weeks ago, one of the villages in the province of Harpout was visited with what was at first thought to be a shower of hail, which, however, proved to be a farinaceous substance with all the characteristics of corn. The inhabitants have hailed it as the harbinger of a fine harvest, and the price of corn has actually declined in the district from 125 to 85 piasters the kilogramme. Samples of this curious grain have been received at the Porte.—*Levant Herald*.

OUR ARMY HOSPITALS.—Medical Director Hamlin says that the statistics of the hospitals of this department for the last year show a remarkable result, giving a ratio of mortality of even less than 4 per cent., while the splendid hospitals of London exhibit a mortality of more than 9 per cent., and those of Paris more than 19 per cent. The hospitals of the Bosphorus, during the Crimean war, had a death rate of nearly 30 per cent., and those of the Crimea of more than 14 per cent.

☞ CURIOUS CELEBRATION.—The Austrian and most German governments interdict the marriage not only of soldiers and officers of the army who possess no fortune, but even of officers who have not a given salary; these measures are adopted to prevent improvident marriages; their sequence often is immorality. At Lerchenfield, the other day, a poor government officer and his affianced love celebrated the five-and-twentieth anniversary of their betrothal. Poor creatures! the lover must be at least fifty years old, and the lady at least forty-five; still they love on as earnestly and as ardently as they did, long, long years ago, when they lived under youth's rosy sky.

☞ The serpent does not, as we have said, use its teeth to chew its food; it swallows its victims entire, having first covered them with saliva, to render their reception easy. It is generally supposed that while digestion of large bodies thus introduced into the stomach is going on, serpents are torpid and incapable of offence or defence; but extended observation prove that they have the power of disgorging, and can in a moment put themselves in possession of all their activity and powers.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is dull. Sales 12,000 bbls Flour in lots at $7@7,25 for superfine; $7,38@7,75 for extras; $7,75@8,50 for family, and $8,75@9,50 ₽ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour sells at $7 ₽ bbl; Corn Meal is firm.

GRAIN.—Sales 40,000 bus Wheat at 180@188c for common to prime reds, the latter for amber, and 195@200c for Pennsylvania and Kentucky white. Rye is selling at 155@160c for Jersey and Pennsylvania. Corn; sales 55,000 bus at 142@150c for yellow, and 137@150c for white. Oats; 25,000 bus sold at 85@86c, the latter for heavy Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt are firm.

PROVISIONS.—There is a better feeling in the market; sales of Mess Pork at $30@31¼, do Beef at $17@21, and 400 bbls Beef Hams at $28. Bacon; sales of Hams at 18@21c, and 400 casks Shoulders at 13@13½c. Green Meats; sales of Hams in salt and pickle at 16@17c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c ₽ lb. Lard, 1200 tcs sold at 14@14¼c, cash; kegs at 16¼c. Butter; sales at 25@33c for Penna and Ohio, and 35@40c for New York. Cheese is quiet at 17@18c ₽ lb. Eggs are selling at 25c ₽ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand is limited; sales of 400 bales at from 98 to 105c, cash, mostly at 104@108c for middlings.

BARK.—Sales of 100 hhds Quercitron are reported at 41@41½c for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark scarce.

BEESWAX.—Yellow is held at 60c ₽ lb.

COAL.—The demand is moderate. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₽ ton, $8,00@8,50; Prepared do $8,00@8,50; Red Ash do $8,00@8,50; Lehigh Lump do $8,50@9,00; Prepared do 8,50@9,00; by retail do $9,00@9,50; Schuylkill Prepared do 9,00.

COFFEE.—The market is firm. Sales Rio, at 43@44c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is firm. Sales of Yellow Metal at 38c for Sheets, and 40c, for Bolts.

FEATHERS.—Good Western sell at 70c ₽ lb.

HAY is selling at $25@30 ₽ ton.

HOPS are selling at 10 to 30c ₽ lb for old and new crop.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal has fallen off, sales at $52@58 ₽ ton, cash, for the three numbers.

LUMBER.—The market is dull, prices ranging at $32@34 for White Pine; $27@28 for Yellow Sap; $20@22 for Hemlock Boards; $18@19 for Joists and Scantling, and $22@25 for White Pine Shingles. Laths are firm, and selling at $2@2,25 ₽ M.

SEEDS.—Sales of Cloverseed at $6,50@7 ₽ bushel. Timothy—Sales of 500 bushels at $3 ₽ bushel. Flaxseed.—Sales at $3,40@3,47 ₽ bushel.

SPIRITS.—There is little or nothing doing in Brandy or Gin to alter quotations; N. E. Rum is quiet at $1,72@1,75, and Whiskey unsettled and dull, bbls selling slowly at $1,32@1,35 for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGAR.—The market is very firm. Sales 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, within the range of 17¼@19¼c, on time.

TALLOW is firm at 14@14½c ₽ lb for city.

WOOL is rather more inquired for. Sales of 140,000 lbs at 80@85c for common and fine fleece, and 85@88c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1250 head. The prices realized were from $12 to 19 ₽ 100 lbs. 175 Cows brought from $25 to 45 ₽ head. 5400 Sheep were sold at from 6½ to 10½c ₽ lb. 2200 head Hogs brought from $11 to 12¼ ₽ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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H. DEXTER, 112 Nassau St., N. Y.
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, at Tuckerton, N. J., by the Rev. G. M. Murray, SAMUEL ASHHURST, M. D., of this city, to LOUISA PHŒBE, daughter of A. R. Pharo, of Tuckerton.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, to Miss CATHARINE LAWS.

At Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on the 31st of May, by the Rev. P. P. Irving, JOHN DE BROT, to E. A. LAWRENCE, both of this city.

At St. Luke's Church, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, Dr. HORATIO PAINE, of N. Y., to MINA ROBERTS, daughter of John Pennington.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM D. BRANDT, to Miss SARAH C. HANNON, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. A. Manship, LEVI M. LIDARD, to MRS. ELIZA M. JONES, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of May, JOSEPH T. BAILEY, Jr., in his 23d year.

On the 31st of May, SARAH BROOKE, aged 33 years.

On the 31st of May, Capt. ABRAM G. CLAYPOOL, in his 53d year.

On the 30th of May, JOHN P. COLCORD, in his 75th year.

On the 30th of May, SAMUEL L. BROOKE, in his 54th year.

On the 30th of May, CATHARINE CRAWFORD, aged 25 years.

On the 29th of May, Mrs. CATHARINE ROBINSON, aged 48 years.

On the 29th of May, GEORGE MEAD, aged 67 years.

On the 29th of May, BELL, wife of John Lyon, in her 32d year.

On the 28th of May, MATILDA H., wife of John H. Allison, in her 37th year.

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Wit and Humor.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.

During the administration of President Jackson there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public post-office at Washington. His name was G——. He was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the highest officials, to whom his singular interference was distasteful.

Among other things, it is said of him, that while he was employed in the General Post-office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter to Major H——, a high official, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman of Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new post-office. The writer of the letter said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity to another office." When the letter came into G——'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H—— observed it, and asked G—— why he altered his letter.

"Why," replied G——, "because I don't think the man would understand what you meant by proximity."

"Well," said Major H——, "try him; put in the 'proximity' again."

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said: "That his father had fought for liberty in the second war of Independence, and he should like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against them."

"There!" said G——, "did I not say so."

G—— carried his improvement so far that Mr. Barry, the Postmaster-General, said to him:

"I do not want you here any longer, you know too much."

Poor G—— went out, but his old friend, the General, got him another place. This time G——'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger called in and asked him where the Patent-Office was.

"I don't know," said G——.

"Can you tell me where the Treasury Department is?" said the stranger.

"No," said G——.

"Nor the President's House?"

"No."

The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was.

"No," replied G——.

"Do you live in Washington, sir?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said G——.

"Good stars! and don't know where the Patent-Office, Treasury Department, President's House and Capitol are?"

"Stranger," said G——, "I was turned out of the Post-office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head."

"Good-morning," said the stranger.

WANTED TO BET.

A young gentleman—with a medium size light brown moustache, and a suit of clothes such as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers "on accommodating terms," that is on the insecure credit system—came into a hotel one afternoon, and after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present that Grant would not take Richmond. The banter not being taken up, he offered to bet that Grant would take Richmond. Nobody, however, wanting to bet, the exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked—

"I want to make a bet of some kind; I don't care a fig what it is. I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentlemen, what do you propose?"

Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman who looked as though he might be a farmer. He set down his glass and addressed the exquisite.

"Well, mister, I am not in the habit of making bets; but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can pour a quart of molasses into your hat and turn it out a solid lump of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch."

"Done!" said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer.

It was a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat and requested the bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses—"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart; that's the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing six cents to the bar-keeper.

The molasses was brought, and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time.

Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it and watched the wonderful process of consolidation.

"Time up," said the dandy.

The old farmer moved the hat. "Well, I do believe it ain't hardened," said he in a tone expressive of disappointment; "I missed it somehow or other that time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind, and charge them in the bill."

"What of the cigars!" roared the exquisite, "you've spoilt my hat that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it."

"That wasn't in the bargain," timidly answered the old gentleman; "but I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for."

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver as best he could into a spit-box, the man of moustache rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sound of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the police office, but, as it appeared that the experiment was tried with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.

NOT MUCH GAINED.—A very talkative little girl used often annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed: "Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any."

THE SHARPERS.

Reynolds relates that walking with his father one wet day in the most miry part of London, they were overtaken by Garrick. The father and son wore white stockings, but the player, better equipped for the weather, was booted to the knees. Pointing to their mire-sprinkled stockings, Garrick asked if his friends had ever heard the story of Lord Chancellor Northington and the blacklegs? and then proceeded to tell them how one wet day the Chancellor, plainly dressed, was walking up Parliament street when he picked up a handsome ring, which was almost immediately claimed by a passer by, bearing the appearance of a country gentleman, who expressed the greatest joy at the recovery of his lost treasure, and insisted that there should be an immediate adjournment to an adjoining coffee-house, in order that a bottle might be cracked at his expense in celebration of the happy event, and in recognition of the finder's kindness in at once restoring the ring.

Lord Northington, in the humor for an adventure, followed his new friend to the coffee-house, and over the promised bottle was soon busily occupied discussing the topics of the day. Presently some other gentlemen—who dropped in apparently by the merest chance—joined the party. The bottle circulated, and great friendliness and good fellowship appeared to prevail. In the course of half an hour a game of hazard was boldly proposed, and while the Chancellor was meditating upon his reply he overheard one of his companions whisper to the other—"D—n the loaded dice, he's not worth the trouble; *pick the old flat's pocket at once!*" His lordship had fallen among decided *blacklegs* Of course the whole affair had been pre-arranged, the "ring-dropping" being at that time a favorite method among sharpers, by reason of its presumed naturalness, of obtaining an introduction to any one who bade fair to become a prey to their confederacy. Lord Northington now plainly avowed himself, while at the same time he told his astounded companions that if they would inform him what could have induced them to suppose that he was a man likely to fall into the trap they had laid for him, he would overlook their misconduct and take no further proceedings in the matter. Upon this, one of the sharpers said frankly:—"We beg your lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in *white stockings* on a dirty day, we consider him likely to prove a capital pigeon, and we pluck his feathers accordingly, as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's to-day." "And now, my story ended," said Garrick, bowing to his friends the Reynoldses, "I leave you, gentlemen, to deduce its application, and I wish you both a very good morning."

☞ The sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water in a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales, in a hundred and seventy-two days, about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water.

☞ A private, belonging to the army of Northern Virginia, has had a furlough granted him by order of Gen. Lee, for 840 days. He was entitled to this long leave under the army order granting a certain number of days' furlough for each recruit furnished.

☞ A Montreal paper says: "At the Irish dog show in Dublin, some prize dogs were assessed at fifty thousand dollars.

CUSTOMER.—"Please, sir, I want a bottle of dollar champagne."

TRADESMAN.—"My dear, we have no champagne as low as a dollar, but we have Jersey cider at twenty-five cents, and it is about the same thing."

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.—Never was such devastation made in the ranks of the English nobility, titled and untitled, as during the Thirty Years' War of the White and Red Roses. In the thirteen battles fought between York and Lancaster, from that of St. Albans, in 1455, to that on Redmore Down, near Bosworth, in 1485—in nine of which struggles the Yorkists were the victors, yet they ultimately lost the great prize at Bosworth—there perished in fight, by murder, or under the axe, two kings, four princes, ten dukes, two marquises, one-and-twenty earls, two viscounts, and seven-and-twenty barons. To these may be added one lord-prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty-nine knights, all noble; four hundred and forty-one esquires, the eldest sons of knights; and a body of gentlemen, or untitled nobility, of coat-armor and ancestry, the number of whom is variously stated, but which number, being incorporated with the death-roll of private soldiers, swelled the great total to nearly eighty-six thousand men. Such was the cost to the country of that country's best blood, shed in a quarrel which, after all, ended in a wedding by way of compromise.

Agricultural.

CLOVER HAY FOR HORSES.

Dr. McClure is one of the leading veterinary surgeons of Philadelphia, and, we may add, of the United States. His opinion, therefore, on any matter connected with the food and health of the horse can be quoted with confidence. In a recent article in the Culturist he advocates the feeding of clover hay to horses, and thinks it would prevent a disease now prevailing among the horses of this city, during which they will not eat timothy hay; so little of it being brought to market. He then proceeds to say:—

Why is this the case? Simply because there is a prejudice existing among all classes of horsemen, and from them communicated to the owners of horses, against feeding this kind of hay. First, because it is said that clover hay produces heaves, and secondly, because it is said that it is not respectable to be seen feeding with clover hay, as it looks parsimonious. These opinions concerning this article are so widely and firmly fixed in the mind of almost every groom and stableman, as well as horse owner in Philadelphia, that I believe it has been the cause why most farmers are not found giving clover cultivation to the extent it ought to be, or as its superiority as an article of provender demands. Let us now examine in brief, the objections that are laid against it. It is said it will produce heaves in horses. The idea is as false as it is preposterous. If broken wind is produced by an article of food, it certainly is not from food, but from the quantity given. In like manner, heaves may be caused by a too great quantity of water, oats, or any kind of hay whatever, given at an improper time, as when the animal has a journey to perform. In a word, it is the person's fault in giving too much food at an improper time, and not the character of the food that thus produces heaves in the horse. The man, who, when feeding a horse, would fill its manger with oats and corn, would not be considered a very fit man to feed and care for horses, neither is that man who would fill a large rack full of clover hay; as the animal will not stop eating until it has hurt itself; as every horse is fond of it, and, as before stated, sick horses will eat it when they will not eat anything else. Without another word, the argument is complete.

For argument's sake, let us see what there is in the other objections of clover hay. It savors meanness. Does this opinion arise from the idea that the queenly cow eats and feeds upon it in all our large cities? How much inferior is she to the horse, and which adds most to our domestic happiness as well as health? Is it mean to purchase for horses feed, hay which is superior to any other, and sold forty cents to half a dollar less than the best kinds reported in the market? Or, is it a generosity in the department or character of any man, to feed his horses upon that which the animals do not seem to relish, trample a large portion of it under their feet, to be carried thence to the dung hill, when another article superior to it, in point of nutriment, and costing from forty to fifty per cent., less may be obtained.

The whole may be summed up in a few words, as follows:

Good clover hay contains forty-five per cent. more fattening matter than timothy hay, and about forty per cent. more than the English rye grass hay; about ten per cent. less than dried lupins or vetches which are extensively used in Europe for the feeding of both horses and cattle, and which are second only to the *Trifolium hybridum* or *Alsike* clover, so named from a district in Sweden called Alsike. Alsike clover contains the properties of both the red and white clover, and was first introduced into Great Britain about 1854. This variety of clover has for the last few years engaged the attention of agriculturists in Scotland and various parts of England to a great extent. Its reputation is now so firmly established, that more of it has been sown the last year than ever before. It is said by many agriculturists that animals will leave any other grass or clover to feed on the Alsike, and they say farther that the more it becomes known the greater will be its cultivation.

We may add to the foregoing that thirty years ago farmers never raised timothy for their own use, and upon many farms, even within reach of the Philadelphia market, not a pound of timothy hay was produced. Farmers fed clover exclusively to their horses, with cut straw and shipstuff, and moderately with whole corn. These horses were put to all kinds of work, were ridden and driven at all times; and we venture to say, backed by our recollection, that the horse at that period was not subjected to one-half the diseases that it is now. The truth is we will have to go back to clover, probably of the new variety named, to a considerable extent.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

PLANT A GRAPE VINE.

The grape is very easily raised, as it will thrive in very ordinary soil, and needs but little care. Among the many varieties called hardy, there are several which are sufficiently so to endure the winters of even Northern New England, and are also of very fair quality. We advise every person who has a patch of ground, even though it may be small, to plant at least one grape vine. Select some warm and sunny spot, with a southern exposure, and having dug a hole at least three to four feet in diameter, and two feet deep, carefully set out a good vine. If the soil be rich, no manuring will be necessary, but if it be poor, add a moderate quantity of almost any kind of manure except fresh animal droppings. The first year allow only two canes to grow, and keep the side shoots on these pinched back to two or three leaves. A single stake will answer every purpose for training the first year. Let every one of our readers make haste to be able to sit under their own vine and fig-tree.

The Treatment of the Tuberose.

The bulbs are imported from the south of Europe, and are sold at the seed stores at moderate prices. The flowers have the most delightful fragrance, and are highly valued by the bouquet-makers. Our season is not long enough for them to flower, if they are planted in ordinary garden soil, and frequent inquiries come as to the best way of blooming them. We have had fair success by making an excavation, and putting in a half bushel or so of stable manure, covering this with a little earth, and then planting the bulbs, about a half dozen in a cluster. A more sure way is to grow them in pots altogether. A six-inch pot will do very well; it should have good drainage and a rich soil. Read, in his excellent little work on "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," gives a method somewhat different from the one we have practised, and as it seems to be good, we give the substance of his directions. The pots have charcoal in the bottom for drainage, and over this is placed about four inches of fragments of old dry cow-dung. The pot is then filled with a compost of equal parts of sand, peat, loam, and old hot-bed manure, with a little charcoal dust. One bulb is put in each pot and just covered. The pots are then placed in a hot bed having a covering of tan or sawdust in which to plunge them up to the rim. The foliage soon appears, and when it begins to look "spindling," water is given to dissolve the manure, and at the same time the compost is pressed compactly. When blossoms appear, the plants are removed to a partial shade. The flower-stalks should be tied up to neat stakes.

Whatever mode of culture is practised, only sound bulbs should be taken; if any remains of a flower-stalk are present, the bulb should be rejected. Remove all offsets at planting, and continue to remove them as they appear during the season, for they weaken the main stalk.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

GENUINE SCOTTISH SHORT-BREAD.—Take 2 lbs. fine flour, 1 lb. fresh butter, ½ lb. fine sifted sugar. Thoroughly knead these together without one drop of water (the prevailing mistake is to add more or less water), roll out the cake to half an inch in thickness, and place it over paper in a shallow tin, and fire slowly until of proper crispness. It is usual to insert in upper surface a few carroway confections and small pieces of orange peel. Good cake should be most brittle, *Scotice*, "short," hence its name.

HOME-MADE YEAST.—Take a handful of loose hops (a pinch only of pressed ones,) and tie in a bit of muslin; boil twenty minutes in two quarts of water; take them out, and throw in four sliced potatoes, and boil till soft; strain all through a sieve, and add a half teacupful of salt, and the same of brown sugar; scald these, and let it stand till lukewarm; add sufficient yeast to rise it. When quite light, or when it ceases to bubble up, put it in a jug or covered jar, set in a cool place, and it will keep a fortnight in hot weather, and a month or more in cold. Try it.

PRINCE OF PRUSSIA'S PUDDING.—The yolks of 3 eggs, 3 oz. sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat them to a solid froth, the whites of the eggs to be beaten separately to a froth like snow; add the juice of half a lemon, and put these all together immediately into a deep tin pudding-dish, and bake it ten or fifteen minutes. It rises very high, and must be served directly it is cooked. Pour round it the following sauce:—"Beat up well 2 eggs, 1 oz. of sugar, the juice and grated peel of half a lemon, a wineglass of white wine; stir it over the fire till it begins to rise, and pour it round the pudding quite hot. Care must be taken not to let the pudding get too deep a color. The above is only half the quantity for a large pudding.

A RICH SOUP.—The richest soups are made by using several kinds of meat together; as beef, mutton, and veal. A shank of each of these with very little meat upon it, should be boiled several hours the first day; and vegetables, with various kinds of spice added the day it is to be served. Nice soups should be strained; and they are good with macaroni added afterwards, and boiled half or three quarters of an hour. If you have the water in which chickens have been boiled, the soup will be much better if the beef, mutton, or veal are boiled in this, instead of pure water.

DIARRHŒA REMEDY.—A. W. Davis, Marshfield, Gaines township, Tioga county, Pa., wishes to communicate to the world the following as a valuable and speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhœa, &c.

Smartweed, two parts; tansy, one part; ginseng, one part; made into a strong tea, and drank every hour or half hour, about one-third or half a teacupful at a time. If taken in larger doses it does no injury, and never fails to cure recent attacks. He says his father has used it with good effect for forty years, and among all to whom he has recommended it has never known it to fail, and hopes that it may be especially beneficial to the soldiers who are fighting for the preservation of constitutional liberty, which guarantees free speech, free soil, and free men.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 34, 4, 27, 17, 23, 40, 20, 11, 29, was a distinguished statesman.

My 24, 41, 36, 8, is where the heart is.

My 24, 3, 37, 42, was the deliverer of his country.

My 8, 4, 19, 9, 37, 25, 6, was the patron saint of music.

My 2, 29, 16, 3, 33, 9, 26, 43, is a prose romance by Longfellow.

My 23, 20, 42, 35, 34, is the Arabic name of the Supreme Being.

My 42, 3, 5, 30, 7, is a crescent shaped lake in Switzerland.

My 31, 21, 40, 14, 39, was an English historian and statesman.

My 34, 18, 22, 4, 32, was the "father of song."

My 19, 13, 31, 3, 32, 1, 29, is a star that grows brighter as it recedes.

My 17, 4, 30, was a queen of Assyria, and wife of Ninus.

My 5, 26, 37, 38, 3, 17, 4, was the assumed name of a French poet and actor.

My 10, 34, 33, 17, 35, 14, 31, was a name given to the kings of Egypt.

My 1, 13, 12, 6, 15, was a name used by the ancients for the sun.

My 10, 14, 15, 4, 5, 33, 34, signifies "hereafter."

My whole was a New Year's gift to an enslaved people. IRENE E. C.

Wampsville, N. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where the rich green grass is springing
O'er the meadows fair and wide;
There my first contented moving,
Finds its ev'ry want supplied.
On the banks of some deep river,
With the starlight over head,
See brave ranks in midnight marching,
Press with firm but silent tread.
Now my second lies before them—
Passing safely o'er the tide,
Soon we see their bright arms glisten
On the strand the other side.
Take my whole, it is a city,
Subject to the British crown,
Noted as a mart of learning,
And of old and high renown.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in diamonds, but not in pearls.
My 2d is in locks, but not in curls.
My 3d is in vow, but not in oath.
My 4th is in each, but not in both.
My whole is an emblem of constancy.

Wampsville, N. Y. IRENE.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical vessel contains 100 cubic inches. Required its diameter and altitude so that the interior surface may be a minimum?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBABILITY QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a cube to be thrown into the air at random, and a ball fired through it. Required—the probability that the ball will pass through opposite faces of the cube?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a body be projected at an angle of elevation of 60 degrees, with a velocity of 850 feet, find the parameter to the axis of the parabola described and the co-ordinates of the focus?

S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who was the first carpenter mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Pharaoh, when he made Joseph a *ruler*.

☞ Why is a decemvirate like a bed? Ans.—Because it is often (of ten) made.

☞ What snows does summer never melt? Ans.—The snows of ago.

☞ What is the difference between a fever and the direction of the wind? Ans.—The one we know by feeling an artery, and the other by seeing a vane (vein.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—The Pacific Railroad. ENIGMA—Battle of Fair Oaks. CHARADE—Robin Red-breast. RIDDLE—Eggnogg. PUZZLE—E. E. Ellsworth.

Answer to Morgan Stevens' PROBLEM, published April 23d. The bird in order to unwind the vine must fly 16422 feet 7 inches. Gill Bates and the author.

Answer to J. McBrides' PROBLEM, published April 30. 6.613 bbls. Morgan Stevens, Gill Bates, and Walter Siverly.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, same date. 307, 225 and 110.63 perches. Gill Bates, Morgan Stevens, and W. Siverly.

☞ The Pope, in order to encourage the growth of cotton in the Pontifical States, has decreed that a premium, equal to one pound sterling per acre, shall be awarded to the agriculturalists who shall the best succeed in its production.